

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 229.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1832.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate all the previous Numbers may now be had.

REVIEWS

The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth. Anglo-Saxon Period. Containing the Anglo-Saxon Policy, and the Institutions arising out of Laws and Usages, which prevailed before the Conquest. By Francis Palgrave, F.R.S. & F.S.A. Parts I. & II. 4to. London, 1832. Murray.

WE have long thought that the history of the English law, from its earliest period of Anglo-Saxon administration, would afford the most satisfactory clue to the political history of England. We had little hope, however, of meeting with a writer who would be content to leave the more fascinating details of political events and institutions, that he might examine for us the repulsive records of an obsolete jurisprudence,—or guide us up, by the feeble and scattered light of dusty rolls and mildewed charters, through the early administration of laws—to learn, in their gradual development, the formation of a political constitution. Yet, here is that wished-for writer in the person of Mr. Palgrave, a gentleman not unequal to his undertaking, either in intelligence or learning. We have not for some time fallen in with such extent and variety of information, such industry of research into original authorities, such laborious accumulation, compressed at the same time with such admirable precision and severity of reasoning,—as we find in the volumes before us. They remind us of the better and severer days of English study, and will certainly fill up a chasm in our historical literature, which the unmanageable folios of Saville, and Twysden, and Warton, and Wilkins, and even the more recent work of the learned and patient Mr. Turner, have in vain endeavoured to supply.

Anglo-Saxon history is anything but familiar to the majority of English readers, and this must be attributed, we fear, to the unpopular way in which it has hitherto been treated. Modern writers seem to have always entered on it as on a perilous field of remote and uncertain inquiry, and to have pursued their way without the slightest reference to existing circumstances, and with the chill technicality of the mere antiquary. For any elucidation of the progress of our jurisprudential institutions, we might as well have turned to the Saxon Chronicle itself, or to Gildas, with his pompous rhapsodies and querulous declamation, or to Nennius, with all his legendary tales of Trojan antiquity, magical delusion, and miraculous exploits of Saint Germain and Saint Patrick, to say nothing of those of the valiant Arthur, who was often wont to fell to the ground in one day, single-handed, eight hundred and forty Saxons. But Mr. Palgrave has removed this reproach from us, and restored to their legitimate use those substantial monuments and memorials of the

early history of England, which her Saxon sons have kept for her. Indeed, we were not prepared for the very singular and valuable elucidation he has been enabled to give us, in the investigation of the form of our political government, and of our civil and criminal jurisprudence. We did not fancy that there existed in Anglo-Saxon history such a mine of precious materials yet unwrought.

The secret of Mr. Palgrave's great advantage, in point of utility and practical good, over Mr. Turner and other historians, consists in his having determined that the first station in the pages of the historian should be occupied, not by political events or political institutions, but by the examination of judicial policy and jurisprudence. Certainly, the character of a people depends mainly upon their laws, and nothing could be more felicitous than such a mode of inquiry, in illustrating the dark annals of the Anglo-Saxons; for by thus tracing up the spirit of the institutions which pervaded them, and regulated their daily actings and doings, he has given us a correct view of their general administration of the state, and has done much to render their history popular, by giving us in this way, some definite and familiar idea of the otherwise obscure and shadowy personages who figure in its pages. In the consciousness of having effected this, we trust he feels his own reward for the labour it must have occasioned him. His duties have therein become higher and more valuable than those of the mere archaeologist or historian. In displaying thus the moral development of the institutions, under whose protection we hold, at this day, the possession of every worldly good, and even of our lives, he has furnished valuable materials for the history of human nature. For it is from such remote periods, that the register of political experience becomes indeed valuable; when we can judge of the original nature of ancient institutions, and of the first impulse that prompted them, independent of any particular form of civil polity, to which chance or the unvarying instincts of humanity may have subsequently given birth. A remarkable example of this suggests itself to us, in the instance of the trial by jury. We seldom consider that institution in the present day, except in its relation to our judicial system. And yet, with the assistance of such a guide as Mr. Palgrave, what a view is opened to us, of its original power and functions. We discern in it the probable groundwork of all our present constitutional forms of government, and of the assemblies in which the powers of government are now constitutionally vested. "Cui bono?" may be asked to all this, in the indolence and levity of modern reading. But with the leave of the inquirer, much good may result from such researches

—and much evil has resulted from our "incurious negligence" on such points, of which Spelman so bitterly complained. We need not seek for precedents in the Doom-books of Alfred or Ina, but assuredly those books will teach us the spirit of ancient legislation, as an assistance to the exposition and renovation of our own.

We have some objections to make to some of Mr. Palgrave's opinions, and some fault to find, in all humility, with parts of his arrangement and execution—but we defer these, with a further account of the work, until next week. We can only now express our regret, that so many sound and liberal views, as are presented in this work, and dwelt on with heartfelt earnestness, should be obscured by a too evident leaning to the side of power, and that, as we fear, a page of the volume (page 5,) has been cancelled, for the purpose of introducing a temporary political allusion, unworthy of the philosophic historian. In the meantime we give the following extract, illustrative as much of the finer and sounder views of policy—which are, we suspect, the natural bent of Mr. Palgrave—as of the vigour and graces of his mind, and his power of indignant declamation.

"Theft was an offence of a deep and disgraceful dye. All the Germanic Tribes held this crime in great abhorrence. A thief, in the language of the Capitularies, was 'unfaithful to the Kingdom of the Franks.' Nearly the same expression occurs in the Anglo-Saxon laws, in which he is said to be 'untrue to the Hundred,' or 'untrue to the people.' At one period, wife and child, and every inmate, above the age of ten years, passed into slavery, if they assisted in the concealment of any stolen property; for the Anglo-Saxon law of larceny included two degrees of offence: the act of 'open theft' or rapine, which, as has been before observed, was irremissible; and the offence incurred by the individual who was found in possession of the stolen property,—in which case, however, whether he was the thief or the receiver, his crime might be pardoned by the payment of a penalty. Under Canute, the law, which had been modified from time to time, sustained further alterations. For the first offence, compensation was to be made to the injured party by restoring twice the value of the stolen property, besides the 'Were' to the Lord; and if the theft had been committed by a Serf, he was branded with a hot iron but for the second offence, the 'Theow' suffered death; the Freeman or Ceorl was to lose his hand or his foot, or both, according to the magnitude of the crime; and if these mutilations were not adequate to appease the vengeance of the law, the eyes of the wretched culprit were to be plucked out, or his nose and lips cut off, or he was to be scalped; punishments which form a singular contrast to the merciful sentiments evinced by the same code, and expressed with the most energetic simplicity. 'He who has the power of judgment, should earnestly think on that, which he implores for himself

when he prays 'forgive us, Lord, our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;' and we forbid that Christian men be put to death for trivial causes; nor should we rashly destroy the Lord's creation 'which, He redeemed so dearly.' The sentences threatened by the law were worse than death; but in countries thinly peopled, chequered with wastes and wilds, affording the ready means of escape and concealment, and where the rude and solitary habitations and sequestered domains of the landholder were extremely liable to the attack of the robber, it might be deemed necessary to protect the rights of property by punishments which, to us, appear grievous and disproportionate beyond all measure; and there are some who may think that even our present civilized Criminal Code retains more of its ancient barbaric severity than is warranted by the general state of society. The Anglo-Saxon law was mitigated, by allowing the offender, if he could, to make compensation; otherwise, his services as a slave were to be accepted by the injured party. A justification for inflicting the punishment of death may be conceded to the legislator, in those cases where the probable consequences of the crime will lead to bloodshed. And, as the resistance to open violence, or the struggles made by the robber to retain his spoil, were most frequently followed by the mutual fray, the ancient law, which authorized the summary decapitation of the criminal, may be reprobated as harsh, though not altogether stigmatized for its barbarity: it proceeded by military execution, sudden, appalling, and effective. The fearful mutilations which rendered the maimed and miserable offender a ghastly spectre, visiting the haunts of living men, have long ceased to be the terror and warning of the wicked; but it is hardly a paradox to assert, that humanity has not gained greatly by the abolition of these cruel and revolting punishments; and that by adopting a code, apparently more mild, we have not diminished the mass of suffering and pain. It is one of the evils resulting from a polished and refined state of society, and by which many of its advantages are dearly purchased, that the higher classes become insensible to the afflictions of their inferiors, when concealed from their view. Let us assume the existence of a statute enacting that any person suspected of petty larceny should forthwith have his right hand struck off in Court, so as to disable him for the remainder of his life. Under this legislation, our Magistrates, constituted as they now are, would certainly entertain great aversion towards the infliction of so disproportionate a punishment. The sight of the bleeding, maimed limb would sicken them. It would hurt their feelings to sit upon the Bench and witness the agony, and listen to the shrieks and moans of the Felon: for their own sakes, as well as for his, they would investigate the case with tenderness and caution; and it is probable, that in order to reduce the number of offenders, they would use very earnest endeavours to establish such a domestic police as would lessen the temptations, both physical and moral, which are rife in the land, and to diminish the opportunities which lead to the commission of crime.

"But what is the present practice of the law of England? A child, to whom a trivial offence is imputed, may be committed by the Magistrates of a Corporation to a dungeon, so loathsome, vile, and insalubrious, that when he is acquitted, after an incarceration of many months, his health will be irretrievably affected, and for the remainder of his days he will be condemned to drag on a painful and useless existence. Nor is this fate the worst which awaits even the innocent. Another, who, from his poverty and abandonment, is unable to procure the required bail, may undergo protracted confinement, before trial, in a prison, allowed with the full

knowledge, concurrence, and assent of the constituted authorities of the metropolitan county, to become such a school of vice and profligacy, that when declared guiltless of the offence of which he was accused, he is dismissed a hardened ruffian, ruined in character, body, and soul; destitute of the means of subsistence; tutored in wickedness, to which, before his commitment, he was a total stranger; and immediately becoming liable to the vengeance of justice. A generation has nearly passed away since the statue of Howard was raised in the Cathedral by the voice and vote of the Legislature; and England proudly claims the glory of his unwearied charity and philanthropy. Praise is easily bestowed: the vain honours of the Cenotaph have been rendered by the chisel of the sculptor; but the task of following the precepts of the martyr of humanity, requires sacrifices which, as yet, we have been unwilling to perform. And the marble cenotaph will stand as a monument of the reproach of England, until those who could rescue so many of their fellow-creatures from destruction, shall have redeemed the country from the guilt incurred by their permission and encouragement of the most shameful abuses, which degrade the national character and debase the law." i. 205-9.

Francis the First; an Historical Drama.
By Frances Ann Kemble. London, 1832.
Murray.

We have heard more comments than we desired, on the review of this tragedy in the new number of the *Quarterly*. We are not ourselves inclined to quarrel with a little chivalrous gallantry in these matter-of-fact times, and are content that our still small voice shall have no weight or influence at the theatre, where the tragedy is being represented at the very time we are writing this notice. That it will be successful—permanently successful—is impossible; it wants concentration—there are effective situations, and clever scenes, but they have no connecting interest. That it was written when Miss Kemble was seventeen, we can readily believe—although we do not see how it bears upon the question of her genius, since the whole has, no doubt, been revised by her maturer judgment—much of it is just such dramatic poetry as a girl (a clever girl) of seventeen would write; the language of the poets, not of poetry; and, as was very natural with a Kemble, the language of Shakespeare, full of "By my fay—" and "Sith you say—" and "wend your way"—and "go to, go to!" and "marry, this means"—and all the other outward and visible signs of a school exercise—but of the living breathing language of passion and nature, there is little, and there is less of poetry, hardly the melody of its voice, which we had anticipated, and believed would have characterised the work; because it is the true mark of poetical feeling. A knowledge of the inmost workings of the human heart, of the deep mystery of human nature, is not given to unfledged genius; but a quick sense of the melody of verse, is one of the surest characteristics: the music of poetry seems natural to sweet thoughts—and young poets have often little else to influence our feeling and "lap us in elysium." This judgment is true of the play generally, but particular scenes display considerable powers. The plot will have been unravelled in the daily papers, and therefore, with a few explanatory words, we shall introduce to our readers the most effective scenes,

infinitely better in our judgment than mere isolated passages. *Françoise de Foix* the betrothed of *Laval*, having to solicit her brother's release from prison, has been violated or betrayed by Francis. She is now discovered in her brother's house, "sitting pale and motionless by a table"—

Françoise. How heavily the sun hangs in the clouds; The day will never be done.

Floris. Oh, lady, thou hast sat

Grown crimson with the sun's farewell, and said,
Each day, the night will never come: yet night
Hath come at last, and so it will again.

Françoise. Will it, indeed? will the night come at last,

And hide that burning sin, and shade my eyes,
Which ache with this red light—will darkness come at last?

Floris. Sweet madam, yes; and sleep will come: Nay, shake not mournfully your head at me.—

Your eyes are heavy: sleep is brooding in them. *Françoise.* Hot tears have lain in them, and made them heavy:

But sleep—oh, no! no, no! they will not close:

I have a gnawing pain, here, at my heart:

Guilt, thou liest heavy, and art hard to bear.

Floris. What say you, madam, guilt?

Françoise. Who dare say so! [though]

[Starting up] 'Twas pity—mercy—'twas not guilt! and

The world's fierce scorn shall call it infamy,

I say 'twas not! Speak—speak—dost thou? Oh!

answer me!

Say, was it infamy?

Floris. Dear lady, you are ill!

Some strange distemper fevers thus your brain.

Come, madam, suffer me at least to bind

These tresses that have fallen o'er your brow.

Making your temples throb with added weight:

Let me bind up these golden locks that hang

Dishevel'd thus upon your neck.

Françoise. Out, viper!

Nor twine, nor braid, again shall ever bind

These locks! Oh! rather tear them off, and cast them

Upon the common earth, and trample them—

Heap dust and ashes on them—tear them thus,

And thus, and thus! Oh, *Floris*, I am mad!

Distracted!—out alas! alas! poor head!

Thou achest for thy pillow in the grave,—

Thy darksome couch,—thy dreamless, quiet bed!

Floris. These frantic passions do destroy themselves

With their excess, and well it is they do so:

But, madam, now the tempest is o'erlaid,

And you are calmer, better, as I trust,

Let me entreat you send for that same monk

I told you of this morn: he is a leech,

Learned in theory, and of wondrous skill

To heal all maladies of soul or body.

Françoise. Of soul—of soul—ay, so they'd have us

think:

Dost thou believe that the hard coin we pour

Into their outstretch'd hands, indeed, buys pardon

For all, or any sin, we may commit!

Dost thou believe forgiveness may be had

Thus easy cheap, for crimes as black in hue

As—

Floris. As what? I know no sin whatever

The church's minister may not remit:

As—what were you about to say?

Françoise. Come hither:

Think'st thou a heap of gold as high as Etna

Could cover from the piercing eye of heaven

So foul a crime as—adultery!

Why dost thou stare thus strangely at my words,

And answerest not?

Floris. I do believe, indeed,

Not all the treasury of the wide world,

Not all the wealth hid in the womb of ocean,

Can ransom sin—nothing but deep repentance—

Austere and lengthened penance—frequent tears.

Françoise. 'Tis false! I know it—these do nought

avail:

To move relentless heav'n it must be bribed.

And yet—go, call thy priest; I'll speak with him.

I will cast off the burden of my shame,

Or ere it press me down into the grave! [Exit.

Gonzales, the priest now sent for, and

to whom *Françoise* makes confession, is a

soldier, who, in his assumed character, is

working out a deep revenge against *Laval*.

Laval. My bride!—my beautiful!

Gonzales. Stare back, young sir!

Laval. Who dares extend his arms 'twixt those

whom love

Hath bound? whom holy wedlock shall, ere long,

Gonzales. The stern decree of the most holy church,

Whose garb I bear; and whose authority

I interpose between you; until I

Interpret to your ears the fearful shriek

That greeted you, upon your entrance here:

Look on that lady, Count *Laval*,—who stands

Pale as a virgin rose, whose early bloom

Hath not been gazed on yet by the hot sun;

And fair—

Laval. Oh, how unutterably fair!
Gonzales. Seems not that shrinking flower the soul
 of all

That is most pure, as well as beautiful?

Laval. Peace, thou vain babbler? Is it unto me
 That thou art prating?—unto me, who have
 Wershipp'd her, with a wild idolatry,
 Laker to madness than to love?

Gonzales. Indeed!
 Say, then, if such a show of chastity
 lies set on lips that have been hot with passion?
 Or such a pale cold hue did ever rest
 On cheeks, where burning kisses have call'd up
 The crimson blood, in blushes all as warm?
 Look on her yet; and say, if ever form
 Show'd half so like a breathing piece of marble.
 Off with thy specious seeming, thou deceiver!
 And don a look that better suits thy state.
 Oh, well dissembled sin! say, was it thus,
 Shrinking, and pale, thou stood'st, when the King's
 arms

Did clasp thee, and his hot lip sear'd from thine
 Their oath to wed thy brother's friend?—

Laval. Damnation
 Alight upon thee, thou audacious monk!
 The blight thou breath'st recoil on thine own head;
 It hath no power to touch the spotless fame
 Of one, from whom thy cursed calumnies
 Fly like rebounding shafts;—Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 The king! a merry tale forsooth!

Gonzales. Then we
 Will laugh at it, ha! ha!—why, what care I?
 We will be merry; since thou art content
 To laugh and be a—

Laval. *Françoise*—I—I pray thee
 Speak to me,—smile,—speak,—look on me, I say—
 What, tears! what, wringing thine hands! what, pale as
 death;—

And not one word—not one!
Françoise (*To Gonzales*). Oh deadly fiend!
 Thou hast but hasten'd that which was foredoom'd.
 (*To Laval*) My lord, ere I make answer to this charge,
 I have a boon to crave of you—my brother—

Laval. How wildly thine eye rolls; thy hand is cold
 As death, my fairest love.

Françoise. Beseech you, sir,
 Unclasp your arm;—where is my brother?

Laval. *Lautrec*!—
 In Italy; ere now is well and happy.

Françoise. Thanks, gentle heaven! all is not
 bitterness,

In this most bitter hour. My Lord Laval,
 To you my faith was plighted, by my brother;

That faith I ratified by mine own vow.—
Laval. The oath was register'd in highest heaven.
 Thou'rt mine!—

Françoise. To all eternity, Laval,
 If blood cannot efface that damning bond;
 (*Snatches his dagger and stabs herself.*)
 'Tis cancell'd, I've struck home—my dear, dear brother.
 (*Dies.*)

These are two of the most natural scenes in
 the play, and we think our readers will agree
 with us, that there is in them manifestations of
 genius. As a whole, 'Francis the First' is
 sufficiently well written, in a sustained and
 sounding sort of conventional dramatic lan-
 guage—there are occasional bursts of feel-
 ing, with quick and sudden transitions, and
 outbursts of scorn and sarcasm that will,
 we suspect, tell admirably in representation;
 but these transitions are too abrupt to suit
 the taste of the reader, and for permanent
 success as an acting piece it wants unity of
 interest.

*A Description of a singular Aboriginal Race,
 inhabiting the Summit of the Neilgherry
 Hills, or Blue Mountains, of Coimbatore,
 in the Southern Peninsula of India.* By
 Capt. Henry Harkness, of the Madras
 Army. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

Any information concerning seldom-visited
 countries and their strange inhabitants, is
 most acceptable to us, and not the less so,
 when the country and people are included
 in the wide circuit of British dominion, and
 their history is written in a clear and candid
 manner. The wild tribes of the Neilgherry
 mountains who have found a chronicler in
 Capt. Harkness, are dwelling in the very
 middle of our eastern empire, yet till this
 moment they have been almost unknown to
 the civilized part of the world, and their looks
 and their manners are all as strange to us as if

they were inhabitants of the moon. In truth,
 their country, like the abode of the eagle, lies
 far above the valley-land of the rest of the
 empire; around the base of their mountains,
 a thick and nearly impassable jungle extends;
 and as they are exclusively a pastoral people,
 there is nothing about them to tempt the
 spoiler—they are strong in their situation
 and simplicity, and seem not insensible of
 such advantages. Their surprise was not
 little, when Capt. Harkness invaded their
 mountain solitudes; they marvelled what
 could induce a white man to visit their upper-
 empire, for they live six or eight thousand
 feet above other mortals; yet they received
 him most cordially, and the result has been
 this little modest volume, which is written
 both with good taste and good feeling. Before
 we speak more fully of the people, let us take
 a look at their land, which is not without its
 own peculiar beauties.

"Nor is the scene less beautiful on a nearer
 approach; for you then find the green bespangled
 with a variety of the most beautiful wild flowers,
 of every diversity of colour; the trees, among
 which appear the crimson rododendron and the
 white camelia, varying in shape and richness of
 foliage; and some covered with moss, assuming
 all the hoary appearance of winter; while the
 banks of the rills and streamlets that meander
 at their base, are lined with the dog-rose and
 jessamine; and all around are seen the straw-
 berry, and numerous other wild fruits, flourish-
 ing in spontaneous luxuriance.

"Several of the little streams here mentioned,
 meeting at one point, fall into a natural basin,
 which confined at its south-western extremity
 by a strong mound of earth, forms an expansive
 and delightful lake, of five or six miles circuit.
 This beautiful piece of water, which, in some
 parts, spreads out to a considerable width, and
 in others winds in a serpentine course among
 hills, gently rising from its banks, and clothed
 with the softest verdure, has now a public car-
 riage road surrounding it, affording one of the
 most scenic, healthful, and agreeable drives of
 which India, or perhaps any part of the world,
 can boast." p. 5.

The Tudas, one of the tribes possessing
 this upland inheritance, are a people of great
 antiquity, and neither in manners nor in
 person resemble the other tribes of the Indian
 peninsula—their appearance, says Captain
 Harkness, is very prepossessing:

"Generally above the common height, athletic,
 and well made, their bold bearing, and open and
 expressive countenances, lead immediately to
 the conclusion that they must be of a different
 race to their neighbours of the same hue, and
 the question naturally arises, *who can they be?*

"They never wear any covering to the head,
 whatever the weather may be, but allow the
 hair to grow to an equal length, of about six or
 seven inches; parted from the centre or crown,
 it forms into natural bushy circlets all round,
 and at a short distance more resembles some
 artificial decoration, than the simple adornment
 of nature. The hair of the face also is allowed
 a similar freedom of growth, and in every in-
 stance, except from the effect of age, it is of a
 jet black, and of the same degree of softness, as
 that of the natives of the low country.

"A large, full, and speaking eye, Roman nose,
 fine teeth, and pleasing contour; having occa-
 sionally the appearance of great gravity, but
 seemingly ever ready to fall into the expression
 of cheerfulness and good humour, are natural
 marks, prominently distinguishing them from all
 other natives of India." p. 6-7.

The women are equally prepossessing;
 they are, however, more lovely in the au-

thor's description, than in the engraving
 which embodies their charms.

"The women are of a stature proportionate
 to that of the men, but of complexion generally
 some shades lighter, the consequence perhaps of
 less exposure to the weather. With a strongly
 feminine cast of the same expressive features as
 the men, most of them, and particularly the
 young, have beautiful long black tresses, which
 flow in unrestrained luxuriance over the neck
 and shoulders.

"With a modest and retiring demeanor, they
 are perfectly free from the ungracious and
 menial-like timidity of the generality of the
 sex of the low country; and enter into conver-
 sation with a stranger, with a confidence and
 self-possession becoming in the eyes of Euro-
 peans, and strongly characteristic of a system of
 manners and customs, widely differing from those
 of their neighbours.

"They wear necklaces of twisted hair or black
 thread, with silver clasps, and here and there a
 bead, and suspended to them bunches of cowry
 shells, which hang down from the neck between
 the shoulders. On the arms, immediately above
 the elbow, they wear a pair of armlets of brass,
 those of the right arm being much larger than
 those of the left; silver bracelets are on the
 wrists; and on the fingers and thumbs of each
 hand, a number of rings of various descriptions.
 They also wear a zone round the waist composed
 of a sort of chain work, of either silver or a
 mixed metal resembling brass." p. 8-9.

These people dwell in a sort of huts, which
 are clustered together; the accommodation
 they require is small; their wants are few; they
 neither breed poultry, pigs, sheep, goats, nor
 animals of any kind, save the buffalo; even
 the cow and ox, esteemed by all other nations,
 are not considered worth keeping; and the
 dog, the comrade of all other herdsmen,
 makes no part of their establishment. The
 buffalo is their favourite—we may almost
 say their god—for they appear not to have
 any visible deities, like their neighbours, the
 Hindoos. The milk which these fine animals
 yield, is of a flavour and richness surpassing
 all that ever Captain Harkness had before
 tasted from cow or ewe. To watch their
 herds, lead them forth to the best pastures,
 milk them at stated times, prepare butter,
 and eat and drink, and sleep, seem the only
 employments of this primitive race. With the
 following touching anecdote we shall bid
 farewell to the Tudas, and seek the acquain-
 tance of a still more singular tribe.

"They are, however, a lively, laughter-loving
 race, and in the sudden transition and free ex-
 pression of their sentiments, show a strength of
 feeling, and correctness of thought, little to be
 expected under such a garb.

"One of them, Nuskoybe, whose name had
 attracted my attention, came into my room one
 day, and seating herself on the edge of the car-
 pet, was looking at her son, a fine boy of six or
 seven years of age, who, to the amusement of
 himself and several lookers on, was imitating
 the antics and grimace of the dancing girls of
 the low country. On turning towards them, I
 was amused to observe the expression of Nus-
 koybe's countenance, in which admiration and
 contempt were by turns portrayed;—admira-
 tion at the liveliness and humour of her son,
 pity and contempt for that which he mimicked.
 I put several questions to her respecting her
 husband, all of which she evaded, by laughing
 at the foolery of the boy, and endeavouring to
 draw my attention to it. The little creature,
 however, hearing me repeat the same questions,
 cried out, in the middle of his gambols, 'My
 father is dead!'—Never have I seen so quick a
 transition from mirth to grief. The widow in

a flood of tears, the overflowing of that feeling which for a long time she had endeavoured to suppress; the boy motionless, his eyes fixed on her, apparently conscious of having done wrong, and afraid to move. At length, the mother caught him in her arms, and with a passionate exclamation told us to look at her hair—that not two months since it reached to her waist, now, it barely touched her shoulders." p. 9-10.

The second, and by their own admission, inferior tribe, is called, we know not for what reason, the Burghers; they are of a low stature and of a slender form, and bear some resemblance to the Hindoos of the Mysore. The following petition, recording a very serious grievance, would fright the priests and scare the ladies of almost any other country under the sun—the case was represented to Capt. Harkness as one of extreme hardship.

"The Petition of Kerswan, Kutan of Murzorr.

"I gave my daughter Pilluvani to wife to Phori* Pinpurz, Kutan of Kororr, about fifteen years ago. She was then seven years of age; and I gave her a portion of four buffalo kine, two of which were of a superior kind, and their milk drawn only for sacred purposes. Some seven or eight years subsequent to the above period, Pinpurz and Swalt* Khakhlood, Kutan of Pirkorr, came to me, and asked my sanction for Pilluvani to be wife to the latter, as well as to the former. To this I agreed, and, as is customary, Khakhlood presented me a buffalo. About a year subsequent to the latter period, Pinpurz, Khakhlood, and Phori Tumbut, Kutan of Kororr, came to me, and begged I would sanction Pilluvani's being wife to Tumbut also. This I agreed to, and Tumbut presented me a buffalo. After my daughter Pilluvani had also become the wife of Tumbut, Pinpurz borrowed from him, at different periods, the sum of one hundred and twenty rupees. It is now about a year ago that Pinpurz refused to allow Pilluvani to be wife either to Khakhlood or to Tumbut, and at the same time refused to give them the customary equivalent. These two therefore complained to Mr. —, who directed that the business should be investigated by a Panchayet,† composed of individuals from the several Norrs. This Panchayet awarded that Pilluvani was to be wife to Pinpurz Kutan only, but that he was to pay to Tumbut ninety rupees, in adjustment of all demands; and to present to Khakhlood eight buffalo kine. To this award, Pinpurz has hitherto refused compliance, although we will not allow Pilluvani to be wife to any one but himself; and he has now complained to the —. The conduct of this Pinpurz is so infamous, that I will not allow my daughter Pilluvani to be wife to him any longer. I stated this determination to the Panchayet, but was then overruled by them. I now reclaim my daughter, and petition that she may be returned to me.

"I have witnesses to prove the truth of the whole of the above statements," p. 46-47.

The Tudas neither plough nor sow—it is otherwise with the Burghers; but as they refuse to marry in the manner of other people, neither will they till the soil as other husbandmen do—there is something Grecian in their way of going to work.

"A family of the Burghers had assembled, the head of which was about to commence ploughing. With them were two or three Curumbars, one of whom had set up a stone in the centre of the spot on which they were standing, and decorating it with wild flowers, prostrated himself to it, offered incense, and sacrificed a goat, which had been brought there for

this purpose by the Burghers. He then took the guidance of the plough, and having ploughed some ten or twelve paces, gave it over, possessed himself of the head of the sacrificed animal, and left the Burgher to prosecute his labours." p. 56.

We can follow our entertaining conductor no farther. The strange customs of these very singular tribes; their marriage arrangements; their modes of courtship; their amusements and their burial ceremonies, are all original and striking; and we feel not a little indebted to Capt. Harkness for having introduced us to them, without the toil of ascending and descending mountains, fit only for the feet of goats.

Attila, a Tragedy; and other Poems. London, 1832. T. & W. Boone.

It has been the wish of the author to write a dramatic poem, regularly divided into acts and scenes according to the fashion of such works—filled with characters of a diversified nature, fierce and bloody, gentle and affectionate, hesitating, plotting, and temporizing—and changing from war to peace, from joy to grief, and from love to murder, as the story demanded,—there is no question but that he has accomplished all, and even more than he undertook:—still we cannot congratulate him on his success as a dramatic writer: he wants the rough, passionate energy necessary for such compositions. He has a readier talent for humbler themes. Of the smaller poems we think more favourably than of the tragic portion of the volume; and though some of the songs, amid the liquid flow of their lines, can pretend to no originality of thought, it is otherwise with the little poem on 'Cities,' in which there is a spirit of observation and satire:—

There, undiscover'd oft, the modish wife
Betraya her husband's honour and her own;
To sensual joys devotes her guilty life,
All other joys, alas! to her unknown.
Around her waist, the tight and tawdry zone
Finches her slender frame, till with the pain
She scarcely can suppress the rising groan:
But conscious beauty kindles in her brain
The thought, and, in her eye the glance, of fierce disdain.

The puny lordling, fresh from public school,
Presuming on his titled pedigree,
Deems himself privileged to play the fool,
And with plebeian wiles to make too free.
With braided frock and apish courtesy
He breathes unholo vows into their ears,
And laughs them out of their fidelity.
That such a thing—fit on such embryo peers!—
Should win one woman's heart, should wring one
woman's tears.

Oh! then let me and mine for ever shun
Guilt's crowded lazar-house, and promptly cease
To court the city's pageant-train, but run
To the far distant solitude for peace;
Where we may live our life's uncertain lease
Without perverting the soul's tenement;
Where tho' false joys diminish, true increase—
Those joys which are the offspring of content,
And cheer us in our self-inflicted banishment.

This is the age of prose; and we are afraid that the author of 'Attila' is not poet enough to call back the public feeling to the allurements of the Muse. The days of steam-engines and spinning-jennies are come: there is a windmill for the manufacture of tapes and bobbins on Parnassus; and Helicon drives machinery which makes calico at three halfpence a yard.

Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827. By Andrew Bigelow, Author of 'Leaves from a Journal in North Britain and Ireland.' 1831. Boston: Carter, Hendee, & Babcock; London: Kennett.

WITH an anxious wish to do scrupulous justice to all American works, this is one which taste and duty compel us to stamp with the mark of our reprobation. The volume is very handsomely "got up," neatly printed, and exhibiting some illustrative specimens of American lithography;—the author appears to be a man having access to good society, and is something of a scholar; altogether, the book has an aristocratic air, about it. These advantages, supported by great pretension, and displayed with infinite self-complacency, have evidently seduced the author into a belief that he is a very considerable authority on all subjects, practical or speculative; and he utters his common-places with a solemnity which plainly yields to himself no little satisfaction. We have no war to wage with a man's vanity, because we know it is one of the most hopeless contests in which moralist or critic can be engaged; but this gentleman's vanity is mingled with feelings which are not the ordinary concomitants of vanity, (it being, generally, an associate of good-nature); and his book is written in a spirit of which we think the sensible part of his countrymen would be ashamed, and at which, we fear, the foolish or irritable part of ours would be apt to be indignant. And, in truth, had this author the "voice potential," which he seems to be clearly of opinion that he has—and were his book not so lavishly illustrated by those pæans to his own particular glory, and that of his province next, and then of his country in general, which let us at once into the value of his mind—we would tell him that one volume, written in such a tone, might do more towards disturbing the harmony of international feeling than could be remedied by half a century of mutual good offices and reciprocal benefits. We have heard much on this subject of late years, and more perhaps than was necessary; and therefore we shall not dwell upon it here. We must however observe, that while we think the alleged feeling and offence have been exaggerated on both sides, and while, at the same time, neither have been wholly free from blame, we cannot but think, that for the balance of injury America must be answerable. It is not from authors like the one before us (who go forth like showmen, with tin trumpets, to puff us into notice of the marvellous things which they have got at home, and who, heaven bless us! while they are flourishing away in praise of their own lions, seem to think that *our* cities, like the walls of Jericho, are to tumble down to the sound of their trumpets) that danger is to be apprehended. But we are reminded by this subject, of what we have heretofore alluded to, that America has at least *one* whose works are tainted by the occasional presence of a spirit that should have no entrance where genius *is*;—of feelings that should wither beneath the shade of the laurels,—laurels, too, that have been largely contributed by England. Such men have, properly, a great influence on their country's mind, and she can have no worse

* Names of the mountains on which they were born.

† Panchayet, a committee of five arbitrators.

enemy than he who uses influence so legitimately obtained to feed her prejudice or influence her passions. His genius would but add, to the other characters of his crime, that of sacrilege;—as he who should burn down his native city would but plead in his own wrong, if he should urge that the fire with which he consumed it was gathered from the altar.

But, to return to our author. He sets out on his travels, in the strength of two opinions, which seem to afford him a very comfortable shield against any of those mortifications to which a gentleman like himself must, we have no doubt, have been occasionally subjected,—unless he found more courtesy on the road, than he seems to have carried with him. One of these opinions (sedulously promulgated) is, that America (besides the particular advantage of having given birth to himself) is, for all other reasons, the country on which the eyes of the world are fixed with boundless astonishment and limitless admiration;—that she is the “modern Carthage,” Great Britain being the “parent Tyre” (a pleasant comparison, properly followed out)—that her flag is the most welcome in every harbour, and the most frequent and formidable on every sea;—(at the same time he admits, in this part of his panegyric, that France is a great and increasing naval power, and that it is his opinion, and that of Commodore Rodgers, that she will beat England in any future contest between their navies—Corollary, What would America do, *à fortiori*?)—that her commerce is the most prosperous, her manufactures the most ingenious, her universities the most learned, and her institutions, generally, the most admirable in the world, and that the world is very well aware of it; and all this, absurd as it may seem, is to be gathered almost in so many words, and not by inference, from his own text. His illustrations of the superiority of America over other countries, are certainly undeniable. For instance, he makes it a matter of particular boast on the occasion of having to ford a river in the neighbourhood of Catania, that there is no great city in America, having a broad and deep river flowing near it, which has not got a bridge over it; and he almost seems to insinuate, that this is an improvement upon the ancient plan of fording rivers without stockings, and with the trowsers turned up, the invention of which belongs to New England. At least, these are his concluding words upon the subject—“And this is an old country!”—yes, old enough, in all conscience, to have hit upon, and put in practice, some of those improvements called ‘notions’ which New England of yesterday enjoys, and may justly boast. His other and concurrent opinion or “notion,” is the one to which we slightly alluded at the outset of our notice, viz.—that he is, himself, by no means the least worthy human export which the “country of pilgrims” has issued for the edification of its Easterns. Indeed he travels along, to the continual clash of his own cymbals, and hints to us, over and over again, that, both individually, and as an American, wherever he went, his “coming was a gladness.” These feelings, with the added one of bitter and jealous hostility to England, he carries with him (never putting them off), through scenes where imagination might find other food, and self be forgotten, by all but a

Gascon or this New Englander. Amid the iron defences of Gibraltar (where, by the bye, he expresses himself exceedingly dissatisfied with England for having made it so strong that he does not think it can possibly be taken from her), along coasts illustrated by the wanderings of him who, “in perils by sea and in perils by land,” was content to “die daily,” (now illustrated anew by the advent of Andrew Bigelow) and on shore idealized by the presence of Pagan gods, and hallowed by the tread of Christian apostles,—in the fields where Mercury stole, and on the hills where Proserpine was stolen,—by the tomb of Archimedes and the fountain of Arethusa—everywhere we have Mr. Andrew Bigelow at full length; and, we have no doubt, that he wrote upon, or beside, every one of them, “Andrew Bigelow, Boston, author of ‘Leaves from a Journal in North Britain and Ireland,’” with, probably, his age, and the date of his appearance there. To every one of those shrines has he gone, less with the design of worshipping the spirit of the scene, than of singing a hymn to his own particular praise and glory, and that of his country, and uttering an anathema against England. In short, his work seems to be furnished, after the manner of the ancient drama, with a regular chorus, whose monotonous office it is to draw one moral from all he sees and hears, and to make the application of all the topics which he discusses to the special purposes before mentioned.

The scenes amid which this tour lies, have, for the most part, been described over and over again; yet they are so rich in interest of all kinds, and so adorned with all beauty, natural and ideal, that it is almost impossible they should not furnish something new to every instructed traveller. It is but justice to say, that this book, notwithstanding the faults of which we have spoken, and the very heavy one of *prosing*, contains much that is interesting. The author, we have said, is something of a scholar—he has inquired with some diligence—and his accounts of Gibraltar, Malta, Civita Vecchia, Catania, Syracuse, and Messina, (particularly the last but one,) have really much both of entertainment and information, and next week, unless pressed by other novelties, we shall proceed to make some extracts from it.

My Old Portfolio; or, Tales and Sketches.
By Henry Glassford Bell. London, 1832.
Smith, Elder, & Co.

OF the verse of Henry Glassford Bell, we had occasion to speak in a former number; he is now before us in prose, and in both we have found him sprightly, and frequently graceful and natural. He is, it is true, a little inclined to the “Snip-snap short and interruption smart,” of which Pope complains of the wits of his time, yet we forget this in the gaiety and ease of his dialogues; and, what is remarkable, he can manage a conversation better in verse than in prose. He says, in his preface, that he has left the flowery paths of imaginative literature for studies of a severer nature;—we are sure, however, he will find that his dalliance with the muse has given him a command of language, and his pursuits in prose a certain readiness of illustration which cannot fail to help him forward at the bar—which

we believe is the severer study to which he alludes. In this volume there are eighteen pieces of prose, and fifteen pieces of verse; of the former, we like much ‘The History of the Rise and Progress of a small volume of Poems, with some account of their Decline and Fall.’ It is very natural, and might be read as the story of a thousand books of rhyme, which enjoyed their own short day, and sank to rise no more. The conclusion we think very beautiful and very true:—

“It is idle to tell us that the world will ever grow tired of poetry, or that we have had so much of it of late that there is no occasion for any more for a long while to come. Because the hills and the plains were covered last summer with a thousand flowers, shall we welcome less joyfully the return of the sunny spring ‘with her kirtle of lilies around her glancing?’—shall we hold in less estimation the unbought treasures of green and gold she scatters over the glorious earth? The affections of the heart, the delights of the senses, the perception of the beautiful must cease,—human nature must be changed—the soul must be taken out, and the body left to walk on without it, before that species of composition which appeals to the feelings and the fancy, to the intellect and the judgment, will become uninteresting, and of little value. True, prose is the great staple commodity of life. True, also, the mind may be wearied out with poetry, and, for a time, may turn away from it, like the bee from the blossom, satiated with sweets. But not on these accounts will one of the purest pleasures left to fallen humanity be resigned—the pleasure which the peri experiences at the gates of paradise, catching glimpses of a brighter state of existence, and with the aid of imagination gradually inducing forgetfulness of personal exclusion.

“Never while you live breathe with harshness a poet’s name. If he has awakened one deeper feeling, one finer emotion, one nobler aspiration,—he has not written in vain. Far distant he may shine, on the very verge of the horizon; but so did the sun itself when it first broke on the gloom of night. Let the pseudo-pretender to the name of minstrel be whipt back into his original obscurity; but if in his bosom there lurk one spark of the diviner essence, cherish it as the fire of an altar, which may yet kindle into a broad and purifying flame.” p. 117-18.

We cannot make room for any specimens of the gaiety or the humour of the prose of this volume, though both abound; we must, however, quote some of the verse, and we hesitate between ‘The Tall Gentleman’s Apology,’ ‘The Bachelor’s Complaint,’ or ‘Six Weeks after Marriage.’ We shall take the first, because it is short.

The Tall Gentleman’s Apology.

Upbraid me not;—I never swore eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet
three;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so
low,
There’s many a one can tie a knot, who cannot fix a
beau.
Besides, you must confess, my love, the bargain scarcely
fair,
For never could we make a match, altho’ we made a
pair;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two; but here’s the
horrid bore,
My friends declare, if you are one, that I, at least, am
four.
‘Tis true the moralists have said, that Love has got no
eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who
has no size?
And on our wedding-day I’m sure I’d leave you in the
lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a
church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,
But pray excuse me should I hint a sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered you my arm, that happiness to beg,
Your highest effort, dear, would be to take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted
rude:

And though I use a concave lens,—by all the gods! I
hope

My wife will ne'er look up to me though a Herschel's
telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one! I ask no parting
kiss,

I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss;
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a flower,—
The tears that fall from such a height would be a
thunder-shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself in a bason or
a tub,

For that would be a sore disgrace to all the Six-Fleet
Club;

But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three, a life that's but a
span!

We cannot bid farewell to this author

without advertising to his "ministration" as

Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, a

work lately, but not while in his hands,

abandoned. He was, in general, a fair and

candid critic; and though differing with us

in many matters both of taste and feeling,

we never observed that in the wantonness of

power he sought to wound the meritorious

or the deserving; he was neither a hired

bookseller's drudge, willing to praise all his

employers were willing to publish; nor one

of those who are happy to write what they

jocosely call a smart thing, regardless whether it be true or not.

A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred

Literature. Vol. II. By J. B. B. Clarke,

M.A. London, 1832. Clarke.

We gave to the first part of this work the

hearty commendation to which the laborious

zeal and integrity of the writer so worthily

entitled it. Though the present volume has not

the sanction of the name of Dr. Adam Clarke,

it is not less deserving our commendation;

his son has laboured diligently and honestly,

and worthy of the father; and the work ought

to be found in the library of every man pre-

tending to a knowledge of theological literature.

The New Bath Guide; with a Biographical

and Topographical Preface and Anecdotal

Annotations. By John Britton, F.S.A.,

and Member of several other Societies.

Washbourne, London.

WHAT will the Gothic abbeys and Saxon

churches of old England do now, when the

man who set forth the elegance of their

combinations in scientific drawings, and the

merits of their carvings in sensible remarks,

has turned his back on old Wykeham, and

Antony Beik, of Durham, and engaged in

flirtations with the saucy light-footed gipsy

of a muse, who inspired the 'Bath Guide'?

Verily, John-a-Britton, we looked for some-

thing graver at thy hands. We have not

entered into this expostulation with our friend

from other feelings than those of respect and

sorrow: alas, he will find the service of the

muse of verse as unprofitable as that of the

muse of architecture! and though he has

written a very pleasing memoir of Anstey,

the author of the 'Bath Guide,' and added

anecdotal annotations, which are anything

but a burthen to the poem, we wish him

some more lucrative employment with all

our heart. From the memoir, we shall single

out a few small morsels of the editor's eloquence—he commences in a conciliatory strain.

"The blunder-heads,—the wrong-heads,—the pig-heads,—the soft-heads,—and the block-heads, have prevailed in all ages, in all countries, and in all classes of society. Satirists, dramatists, and divines, have, in various ways, admonished, and endeavoured to make them rational and useful beings; but have not effected much reformation. Obstinacy and folly are not easily directed or amended. From the days of Juvenal to those of Anstey, and thenceforward to the age of those masters of the satiric muse, Gifford, Byron, and Moore, poets have employed the lash of castigation, as well as the cap-and-bells, either to correct, or to awaken to a sense of shame, the delinquents against the laws of good sense and good taste. * * *

"Satire and ridicule will often produce good effects where the eloquent sermon, and equally eloquent moral essay, have failed. These writings, indeed, are either unsought for, or incomprehensible to the blunder-heads; but 'the finger of scorn,' and the sneer of ridicule, are both cognizable and feared by them. They do not like 'to be sent to Coventry,' but would rather lounge through a rapid career of uselessness amongst the dandies of Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, Margate, and such-like places. Coming, however, occasionally into collision with men of sense and sensibility, they provoke at once the mingled emotions of pity, indignation, and contempt. Hence has arisen the severe, but just animadversions of dramatists, novelists, and poets, on fops and flirts—on dolts and cock-combs—on quacks of all callings, and dunder-heads of all degrees." xxi—xxiii.

We have the following account of the birth and breeding of Anstey, the author of the 'Bath Guide—the comparison of his career with that of the slow and sluggish Cam, will be regarded by the learned as classical.

"Mr. Anstey may be designated as a country gentleman, who passed through life without any of those cares, troubles, and vicissitudes, which tend to give interest to biography, by rousing the curiosity of its readers. On the contrary, his career seems to have been as tranquil as the sluggish Cam, whose waters pass slowly through his native county of Cambridge. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D.D., of Brinkley, in the county of Cambridge, where he was born on the 31st of October, 1724.

"When very young, he was sent to school at Bury St. Edmunds; whence he was removed to Eton, and placed in the fourth form, as an *opidan*, and afterwards on the foundation. He finished his studies in that public seminary with a creditable character, and in 1741 went as captain to the *Montem*. In 1742 he obtained a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, where he acquired some reputation by his *tripes* verses. In 1745 he was admitted Fellow of his College, and in the following year took his bachelor's degree in the University. When he had nearly completed the term of his qualification for that of master of arts, he was prevented from obtaining it in consequence of what his biographer calls, 'a popular and spirited opposition to some of the leading men in the University.' 'The phrase,' says Mr. Campbell, 'of popular and spirited opposition, sounds promising to the curiosity: but the reader must not expect too much, lest he should be disappointed by learning, that this popular opposition was only his refusing to deliver certain declamations which the heads of the University (unfairly it was thought) required from the bachelors of King's College. Anstey, as senior of the order of bachelors, had to deliver the first oration. He contrived to begin his speech with a rhapsody of adverbs, which, with no direct meaning,

hinted a ridicule on the arbitrary injunction of the University rulers. They soon ordered him to dismount from the rostrum, and called upon him for a new declamation, which, as might be expected, only gave him an opportunity of pointing finer irony in the shape of an apology. This affront was not forgotten by his superiors, and when he applied for his degree, it was refused to him.' In allusion to, though not explanatory of, this circumstance, Mr. Anstey thus writes, in his Appendix to the *New Bath Guide*:—

At Granta, sweet Granta, where, studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then took my degree.

Our worthy biographer follows the poet—if poet he may be called, from the college to the closing of his final account with the sexton in the churchyard, and then proceeds to dilate on the beauty of Bath, and the medicinal merits of the waters. In the midst of a description in which Bath breathes of

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest,

the annotator makes a pathetic pause, draws a line with his pen and exclaims—

"I must check the pen and fancy; for, however fertile the theme may be for an 'antiquarian romance,' it might, will-o'-the-wisp-like, lead an author astray. Besides, there are abundant materials involved in the present and the past for all the purposes of literature, without

Exhausting worlds, and then imagining new.

"In concluding this introductory Essay, I should consider myself undeserving of the kind attentions and useful hints I have received from several old friends and new correspondents at Bath, &c., did I not at once express my acknowledgments and thanks. No sooner had I intimated my intention of re-publishing Mr. Anstey's popular poem, but the following gentlemen freely furnished me with some rare books and pamphlets, and with letters of communication in answer to queries, all calculated to furnish materials, either elucidatory of the author, or of his poems; of the time in which he wrote; or of Bath. If the use I have made of these aids, and the appearance and contents of the volume, satisfy the expectations of those friends, I shall be rewarded for my exertions, and they will have the gratification of contributing to raise a new cenotaph to the memory of Anstey, and to the literary fame of Bath. With sincere thanks I therefore record the following names in alphabetical sequence:—

Thomas Barker, Esq.; Joseph Barratt, Esq. Alderman; Mr. Collings, Mr. Ford; Sir George Gibbs, M.D.; Mr. Charles Godwin; Prince Hoare, Esq.; the Rev. Joseph Hunter; James Jennings, Esq.; R. Montgomery, Esq.; Dr. Charles Parry; Mr. John Upham; the Rev. John Ward, and John Wiltshire, Esq. Alderman."

Farewell to John-a-Britton, and all his annotations, anecdotal and topographical, and to his lists of eminent men in alphabetical sequence, who tasted of the waters and communicated the result to the editor. We cannot stop to inform him that Campbell has not written the Life of Lawrence, the painter, and exposed the system of extorting large sums of money for the use of pictures to engrave—nor find time to correct his quotation from Butler—or extract his discourse on Merry-Andrews—or even name a title of the names which are mentioned in the Memoir and the notes—all good men and true. We are not sure that his talent lies in Biography—nevertheless, he has both amused and instructed us, and we are thankful.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Treatise on Cholera Asphyxia, or Epidemic Cholera. By George Hamilton Bell. 2nd edit. Edinburgh, 1832. Blackwood.

A Letter on Spasmodic Cholera, in refutation of 'Letters on the Cholera Morbus, showing that it is not a Communicable Disease.' London, 1832. Highley.

Letters upon Cholera Morbus. By William Fergusson, M.D. London, 1832. Highley.

Remarks on the Epidemic Disease called Cholera, as it occurred at Newcastle. By Thomas Molison, Esq. Edinburgh, 1832. M'Lachlan.

Hints on the Practicability of contracting the Extension and greatly diminishing the Fatality of the Malignant Cholera. By David B. White. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1832. Mackenzie.

Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera, as that Disease is now exhibiting itself in Scotland. By D. M. Moir, Surgeon. 2nd edit. Edinburgh, 1832. Blackwood.

Observations on Malignant Cholera, drawn from cases of the Disease as it occurred at Prestonpans, Cockenzie, Portseton, &c. treated by H. R. Armstrong and Samuel Edgar, M.D. Edinburgh, 1832. Carfrae.

A Letter to the London Board of Health, on the present Pestilential Cholera. By Thomas Brown. London, 1832. Cadell.

Remarks on the Nature and Treatment of Cholera. By Dr. Robertson. Edinburgh, 1832.

A Letter to the Presidents of the Westminster Medical Society on Cholera. By John Webster, M.D. London, 1832. Threlton.

An Inquiry into the Remote Cause of Cholera. Edinburgh, 1832. Blackwood.

The Pestilential Cholera Unmasked. By J. V. Thompson, Esq. Cork, 1832.

Du Cholera Morbus de Pologne. Par F. Foy, D.M.P. Paris, 1832. Rouvier.

Documents sur le Cholera Morbus Epidémique. Par A. N. Gendrin, D.M. Paris, 1832. Baillière.

Lettre et Leçon de M. le Professeur Dupuytren sur le Siège, la Nature et le Traitement du Cholera Morbus. Recueillies et publiées par MM. A. Paillard et Marx. Paris, 1832. Baillière.

Summa Observationum quas de Cholera Orientali, a die 24 Julii usque diem 20 Septembris anni 1831, in libera regieque civitatis Pest nosocomia collectas, astant Josephus Polya et Y. Carol. Grünhut, Medicinæ Doctores. Pestini, apud Ottomem Wigand, 1831.

Pharmacopœia Anticholericæ Extemporaneæ. Scripsit Frid. Aug. ab Ammon. Lipsiæ, apud L. Voss, 1832.

A comprehensive abridgment of all that has been written on this subject, would, we are inclined to believe, be a useful, and we are sure, an entertaining work. After reading more than one hundred works—to say nothing of essays, discourses, and letters in the medical journals and newspapers—we incline to put faith in the old proverb, that there is no work so valueless, but that information may be collected from it.

The first of our present list, was also the first which we reviewed, when our attention was called to this subject. We then reported on it as a highly valuable work, and the medical world has since confirmed our judgment; this second edition is greatly enlarged, and no one who desires to be informed on the subject, but should read it attentively.

The second and third can be considered but as special-pleading argument for and against contagion. Doctor Fergusson, however, although a non-contagionist, is too sensible a man to argue the question in that spirit of partisanship, which has distinguished so many reasoners on both sides of this question: he observes truly—"No one, unless he can take it upon him to define the true nature of the new malignant cholera morbus, can be warranted utterly to deny the existence of contagion; but he may at the least be permitted to say, that if contagion do exist

at all, it must be the weakest in its powers of diffusion, and the safest to approach, of any that has ever yet been known amongst diseases."

Dr. Molison's and Dr. White's pamphlets belong to a higher class; for so we must consider the works of those who publish their experiences, rather than their speculative opinions. We cannot, indeed, flatter ourselves, that any very great improvement has taken place in the treatment of this disease, since it appeared in England, yet we receive with pleasure, and with good hope of the benefit to be ultimately derived from them, the facts collected at the bed-side of the patient, however opposite may be the conclusions deduced from them by the reporters; and certainly they are not a little contradictory; thus we are told by Dr. Molison, page 17, "Though I frequently saw calomel given in this stage (that of collapse), in large as well as in the more usual doses, I never observed that any benefit resulted,"—while Dr. White affirms, page 20, that "during the collapsed stage, he knows nothing preferable to calomel."

The pamphlet by Mr. Moir, the author of an excellent abridgment of the History of Medicine, which we reviewed last year, and those of Mr. Brown, Mr. Armstrong, and Dr. Edgar, are valuable additions to the information already collected by medical men, who have had opportunities of observing the disease.

Dr. Robertson, of Edinburgh, attempts to prove that the usual curative method is altogether wrong, and proposes another, which, however, we cannot admit to be new, because, with trifling difference, it is the same as was suggested by Boissieu. The Doctor, speaking of the fearful mortality of the disease, says, "surely any change of practice is worthy of a trial." This brings us to the new method proposed in the Letter and Lecture of the celebrated Dupuytren, which, coming from such a man, certainly deserves attentive consideration. Dupuytren is, it appears, of opinion, that the great object should be to calm the irritation, allay the pain, and diminish the evacuations. With that purpose, he advises the use of large doses of *sub-acetate of lead*, the decoction of poppy heads, cupping, blisters, &c. Though this treatment is open to the great and obvious objection of being directed rather to symptoms (which, by the bye, are not constant), than the disease, the reason given for preferring the preparations of lead to any other medicine, and poppy heads to opium, are worthy of consideration.

The 'Inquiry into the remote cause of Cholera,' is an attempt to prove that it may be traced to an insect, possessing either in itself or in its eggs or larva, poisonous qualities. An ingenious speculation.

Mr. Thompson is of opinion, that cholera is nothing but remittent fever. The idea is not new—it has been considered as a remittent or an intermittent fever by several medical men. Dr. Brutzer, of Riga, first proclaimed it an intermittent, and administered quinine in large doses; it was generally so treated at Riga and at Königsberg; but unfortunately the mortality was the same, and at Königsberg greater than usual.

Dr. Foy is well known—he is one of the physicians who went to Poland, to offer their services during the last glorious struggle; and he published many letters at the time in the medical journals, containing observations on the cholera, such as it appeared in Poland. The present work is a comprehensive and well-written summary of all those observations.

Dr. Gendrin's work is a collection of papers, all of them either written by Englishmen, or well known in England.

The Latin work of Drs. Polya and Grünhut contains highly valuable practical observations on the cholera, as it appeared at Pest, in Hun-

gary. The authors had the direction of the cholera hospital of that city.

The *Pharmacopœia Anticholericæ* may be useful to those medical men who may be called in to attend the suffering. The author has added to his list of medicines, some short but excellent observations on the best method of preparing and administering them, and the opinions of the most eminent physicians respecting their virtues.

The sensible and well-written letter of Dr. Webster, we recommend to the attentive consideration of the Board of Health, and the medical profession generally.

The cholera is spreading among us; yet nothing is done to deduce positive knowledge from the multitude of facts already collected; and we confess that we no longer expect much benefit from the *Cholera Gazette*, unless the plan is changed, and it becomes a less exclusive journal.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for the year 1831. Washbourne.

MUCH information is packed into this handsome volume. Our domestic history seems carefully compiled: our proceedings in parliament are related at some length: the affairs of other nations occupy several chapters, and there is a biography of eminent or remarkable persons, such as may satisfy even curious readers. It would be easy to find fault with the volume, nevertheless; for, amid an overflow of what is wholesome and desirable, we have not a little of the trifling and trivial: yet what may be so to us may be important to others; and in a work which lays no claim to a place among the productions of elegance or of genius, the mishaps of the children of fun or frolic among constables of the night, naturally enough find a place.

Tales of the Saxons. By Emily Taylor. London, 1832. Harvey & Darton.

THIS is the age of instruction: writers are up to everything:—one informs a wondering shoemaker how to make a shoe: another opens the eyes of a carpenter to the art of uniting pieces of timber: a third schools the bricklayer in the art of his craft: a fourth reads a long lecture to the weaver on the readiest way of making the shuttle slip from side to side of the web: a fifth undertakes to prove to a famishing million of men, that they are starving for the good of their country and the encouragement of trade; while a sixth most satisfactorily proves, that the more a man is in debt the richer he is, and that his only danger lies in not being in debt enough: we have seen no one however who has undertaken to teach the art of writing a readable book. We were led into this train of reflection on looking over the work before us: Emily Taylor seeks to make children acquainted with the early days of English history, and allures them to the task with a succession of lively and minute pictures of life, domestic and public. The idea is a good one, and the execution is not unworthy.

A Guide to Syllogism, or, a Manual of Logic. By the Rev. C. Wesley, B.D. London, Bohn; Cambridge, Deighton; Oxford, Parker.

THIS little work is too brief for a complete manual of logic; it will, however, be found very useful to persons who desire to take the higher degrees in the Universities, and have either neglected or forgotten their former collegiate acquirements. Such persons, and they form a very numerous class, may easily, by a perusal of this thin volume, revive their logical knowledge with more ease than by wading through the dry dissertations of more formal and scholastic treatises.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SONNET.

In the dread winter's universal blank,
When hangs no leaf upon the hoary tree;
When not one flower blows on the warmest bank,
And cattle listless stand upon the lea:
When for the hearth the frozen fields we quit,
And silent woods, and cheerless forest-walk,
And sit wrapped up in many a moody fit,
And little care to think, much less to talk:
Even in that blank, that absence of all thought,
Will come upon the sense with freshest power,
As if by momentary magic wrought,
Primrose or violet, some sweet woodland flower;
Yet why it comes, and thus, we cannot tell,
With a sweet memory, and the very smell.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE DEVIL TO THE EDITOR.

"Compliments pass when gentlefolks meet."—*Old Proverb.*

My very dear Sir,—With all my hatred of printing—and "the spirits of the wise" know I have no light cause for such antipathy, I must for once cast myself on the magnanimity of the press, and beg an appearance in type. Suffer, my very dear Sir, my horns to come before your subscribers—let me unfold my own tale, and expose to public opprobrium the cloven feet of mine enemies. You smile!—let me seize the auspicious moment to prove to the scandalized world that "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

Your lynx-like eye cannot but have remarked the various purposes to which, of late, my name has been degraded. Last night, on my way to Palace Yard—I often take a lounge there of an evening—I passed through the Strand. I halted before what some time back would have been called a dead wall. Dead! alack, my very dear Sir, it was instinct with diabolic life—it was possessed with a legion of devils. There was 'The Devil's Son'—'The Devil's Brother'—'The Fiend Father'—'The Demon'—'Fra Diavolo'—'Robert the Devil'—there they were, a thousand devils, compressed, yet living, in letters black and red; for you know, as my own great poet hath sung, how capable of compression are self and family—

Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court.

Well, Sir, there were my dearest connexions curled into D's and S's, all in "fine bold type," writhing on sheets of asbestos (paper to the vulgar eye), like impaled glow-worms in the cabinet of an entomologist. These were the inhabitants of—of—"a place too calorific to mention," exorcised from their native home of innocence, and fixed, by the "so potent art" of the printer, to the most public part of this metropolis, to the imminent danger of their own morals, and to the certain cultivation of that familiarity which, according to a great authority, breedeth contempt. This, Sir, was my first impression, astounded as I was, by the extraordinary evidence of human impudence and daring. "All taken to the stage," I exclaimed, and a sense of the degradation fell in thunderbolts upon my heart—"all my little ones—all at one fell swoop!" I proceeded, with "melancholy step and slow;" finished my business in Palace Yard, and went home.

I saw my red walls glowing in the gloom.

In a short time, Sir, I discovered the trick which had been played upon the too-believing and too-virtuous public—the trick which had wrung my paternal and fraternal heart—I found, Sir, to my inexpressible delight, that no person bearing my name was engaged at any of the London theatres, and that the "Devils" there exhibiting, were, in fact, persons no better than they should be. It was my anxiety—my extreme sensitiveness for the credit of my family, that had rendered the play-bills such horrid phantasmagoria—that had made the letters red-hot iron to my demon brain.

No, Sir! although there is no telling what revolution may drive us to, yet, at present, none of my connexions are theatrical. They are, at present, too well engaged, to become even "stars" at either of the houses. The managers puff "the Devil's Brother!" Nonsense: my brother, Sir, is a very influential person at one of the continental courts, and has never yet appeared upon a stage, whatever his merits may have entitled him to. Next, for "the Devil's Son!" Why, my very dear Sir, I have just shipped for the Tagus, as a birth-day present, a thousand barrels of gunpowder, made at my private mills; to these I have added, for my dear boy, five hundred stand of arms, from the Pandemonium smithy. I know of no other "Son"; at least, I acknowledge no other. If society will persecute me with its affiliations, why, there is no appeal from the Slander Sessions. I must pay in reputation for the misdeeds of my legal progeny; but if I pay, I must likewise protest, and this I do most heartily, that the Devils at present gamboling before the town, play their tricks on their own responsibility; and I therefore give this public notice, that nobody, on the strength of my name, do trust them. As for my appearing on the stage in *propria persona*—ridiculous! I own, in my younger days, I did use to lounge in the green-room, and sometimes concoct the play-bills with the manager; but, by degrees, those documents became such extraordinary romances, that even my love of truth was shocked, and I withdrew my advice, as wholly tame and useless.

It is not for me, Sir, to point out who are my relations at present residing in the metropolis; no, I eschew both the Red and the Black Book—it is enough that I have exposed impostors. Were I inclined to point my snaky fore-finger at my kindred at present sojourning in London, the consanguinity, considering the professions and the station of the parties, might surprise you. But, no—I waive such astonishment; it is enough that I know them; I disdain to brag of my high and influential connexions. We meet, and are hob and nob in private—and as for the masquerading in the broad sun-light, why let them jig it as they list—I have too much magnanimity to pluck at the robe or snatch away the visor.

I have now, I trust, defended myself and relatives from aspersion. The Grand Turk's sign manual, as I have somewhere read, is his ink-besmeared hand. Allow me, Sir, as I am shy at subscribing my name, to write my tail, which I beg you will give instructions to the printer to figure, (with a gentle curl at its *finis*) by appending hereunto—

J.

SONNET.

THE DEATH OF LORD FALKLAND.

FOREMOST upon the battle-plain he stood;
Between two war-clad hosts, both of one name
And country, where the son and father came,
Life's dearest bonds and brotherhood,—the blood
Of each to shed. In stern and mournful mood
He gazed upon that scene of crime and shame,
"Peace! peace!" he cried, "would we might
quench the flame
Of fiercest strife!—Oh God! methinks 'twere good

To sleep—to die, so I might never more
Behold the desolation and the doom,
That shroud my country in the deepening gloom
Of woe and anarchy:—the struggle's o'er;
And joyful as a bridegroom to the feast
He heard the heroic knell that tolled to rest.

HINTS FOR THE HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE.—No. IV.

THE history of Roman literature, and the struggle between the native bards and the classical imitators of the Greek poets, is not only connected with the internal politics of the state, but also with the relations that subsisted between the Romans and the nations in northern and central Italy. Rome was the metropolis of Italian taste as well as Italian power; it obtained the same literary supremacy over the Latins that the Greeks had conceded to Athens, and it retained this eminence by the united processes of absorption and assimilation, which the "eternal city" so constantly exercised,—deriving new and valuable institutions from all, and adapting them so ingeniously to pre-existing circumstances, that they seemed original parts of the native fabric. Here again we trace a striking analogy between the literary and political history of Rome: the "eternal city" absorbed in its dominions the independent states in its vicinity—taught them to resign ancestral pride, to forget the deeds of the mighty dead, and to date the only existence worthy of being recorded, from the period that they were permitted to share in the franchises of the ruling state. What know we of the days of Etruscan greatness, when the Tyrrhenian vessels of war swept the western Mediterranean, disputing the empire of the sea with the Carthaginians, the Tyrians, and the Greeks? What records have we of a people whose works of art, after the lapse of probably thirty centuries, are still viewed with wonder and astonishment? The shadow of a mighty name still remains, but all traces of the original lineaments were as completely obliterated two thousand years ago as they are now. And what know we of Etruscan literature? Scarcely that such a thing ever existed. And yet a drama the Tuscans must have had, for from them Rome borrowed her early *histriones*; ballad-makers, if not poets, they must have possessed, for Virgil in the last six books of the *Æneid*, and Ovid in his *Fasti*, have given us several Etruscan legends that could never have existed in a prosaic form; historians must have flourished among them, for the Emperor Claudius, in a speech to the Senate, quotes an account of the origin of Servius Tullius from some Tuscan author. This version of the life of the patriot king is not merely irreconcilable with the Roman legend—it flatly contradicts it in every particular; and we must therefore assign it an earlier date than the era of Fabius Pictor, and, probably, than the burning of the city by the Gauls. What then has become of the great body of Tuscan literature? It has suffered the fate of a tributary stream, whose name and whose waters are lost in those of the mighty river whose flood it swells. What know we of the political or literary history of the Sabines, of the Prisci Latini, of the Umbrians, or the Lucanians? Literally nothing; ancient

Rome is to us ancient Italy. The other states have shared the fate described by Phineas Fletcher,

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find;
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ, is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.
Purple Island, Canto VII.

The "double death," as we have already intimated, has "invaded" the native Roman literature, as well as that of the states which Rome absorbed in the vortex of her moral and intellectual dominion. We shall not revert to the political causes that accelerated this consummation; we have already, perhaps at too great length, dwelt on the means by which the revolution was effected: we must now attempt a more difficult task, and point out the nature of the change. The Saliar verses, supposed to have been written by Numa, the Nænie "sung by the manly Curii and Camilli," the legendary ballads of heroic deeds which, in the time of the elder Cato, were recited at all public entertainments, are all lost irrecoverably, and have left scarce a wrack behind. Our knowledge respecting them is gathered from scattered hints in the writings of critics and grammarians, brief allusions in the historians, and a satire on the works and their admirers contained in one of Horace's epistles. By collecting and comparing all these pieces or rather fragments of information, we are enabled to form some indistinct notion of the native Roman literature;—indistinct, because, after all our researches, materials for a perfect delineation cannot be obtained. From these we find that the works of the ancient Roman *rates* were chiefly religious hymns, legendary tales founded on some historical fact or tradition, and moral instructions conveyed in a metrical form. There is also reason to suspect that some of the old laws and legal forms were recorded in some kind of verse, for the "lex horrendi carminis," preserved by Livy, is clearly metrical; though, perhaps, the arrangement made by Niebuhr is not the best possible, yet the ear will at once discern a certain rhythm in the perusal of the lines

Duumviri perduellionem judicent,
Si a duumviris provocarit,
Provocatione certato:
Si vincent, caput obnubito,
Infelici arbore recte suspendito,
Verberato intra vel extra pomerium.

It must be remembered that Livy modernized the spelling in these lines; so much had the orthography of the Latin language varied, that Polybius assures us few even of the most learned Romans could decipher inscriptions made in the first ages of the republic: but it is probable that the germ of the words was preserved, as has been the case in our language; there are many persons who can with difficulty understand the poems of Chaucer when they try to read them for themselves, and yet find great pleasure in hearing them read by others. If such was the case in Rome, the measure of the verses will have been little altered by a change in the form of the words; for the ancient Latin poetry was regulated by accent rather than quantity. This leads us to consider a *questio vexata*, first raised during the literary warfare respecting the epistles of Phalaris, namely, the claims of the Romans to any original metre.

All the old Roman versification is called Saturnian. Niebuhr says, that it admitted a great variety of lyrical metres; by which he must mean, that the designation was generic and not specific. Terentianus Maurus, whose authority Bentley deems irresistible, says, "the Saturnian metre was borrowed from the Greeks." But even if this assertion be conceded, it by no means decides the question. Terentianus means, that a particular metre regulated by quantity, and which, from some similarity in structure to the

old Roman verses, was called Saturnian, was, in truth, of Greek origin. He, in fact, specifies the particular kind of verse, and declares that it consisted of a dimeter catalectic iambic, and an ithyphallic, and quotes as a pure instance,

Malum dabunt Metelli | Nævio pœtæ.

But this manifestly proves nothing, unless it could be shown that the Saturnian verse always appeared in this single form, whereas the very contrary is demonstrable. The hymn of the Fratres Arvales and the fragments of the Saliar song are not measurable by any Greek system of iambs and trochees; neither are the *nænie*, which were sung to the flute at funeral processions; and the slightest glance at any of these interesting relics will at once show that they could not have been framed on any conceivable system which required a regular recurrence of long and short syllables. But if Saturnian verse was not regulated by quantity, it could not have been derived from the Greeks, who used no other system; and we must therefore limit the assertion of Terentianus to a specific form of verse, which, as he indeed himself tells us, was constructed on the principle of quantity.

From these considerations it seems to follow, that the Saturnian verse was really a native production; and if we may judge from fragments, it seems to have been better suited to the genius and structure of the Latin language than any of those by which it was succeeded. At what time the great change was made in the principle of Latin verse, by which quantity was made the basis of its structure instead of accent, is precisely what we do not know. There is some reason, however, to believe, that the first mover of the revolution was Livius Andronicus. He was of Grecian descent, and was first brought to Rome as a slave. He had the honour of first making the Romans acquainted with the regular drama, but his pieces were all borrowed from the Greek; he is also said to have translated the *Odyssey* into Saturnian verse; finally, he was the first author by profession that ever appeared in Rome.

While literature exists merely in its popular form, and has not yet taken an acknowledged place in the world, it is easily moulded to any particular system, and while a language is rude and imperfect, it may be made to undergo very important changes. But the revolution need not have been so violent as we might imagine; for the distinction between accent and quantity, could not have been very great in the days of Livius, when we find it neglected with impunity in the age of Cæsar.

From the time of Livius, we find that the Latin poets began to pay more attention to the regular structure of their verse, and to attune their ears to the Grecian metres. This is chiefly attributable to the exclusive attention which the Romans of that age paid to dramatic poetry, the most engaging species of composition to a nation emerging from barbarism, because it mingles sensual pleasure with intellectual. Besides this, the sources whence the Romans first derived their knowledge of Grecian literature were the Dorian colonies in Sicily and southern Italy, where the drama was at all times most studiously cultivated. It is not necessary to enter on the controverted question, whether the Dorian or Ionian race can claim with more justice the invention of dramatic literature—Aristotle decides in favour of the former, because the word *drama* belongs to the Doric dialect, but the foundation seems rather too narrow for the support of the hypothesis. It is more material to our present purpose to find that the Dorian colonies were the most eager to import the best pieces that appeared on the Athenian stage, and that they supplied some of the best writers in that department of literature. It is known to every student, that a

Doric state in Sicily afforded a refuge to Æschylus when driven from Athens, and that his long residence there affected the purity of his language in his later writings; and who is ignorant of the interesting fact, that the Syracusans liberated all the Athenian prisoners who could recite select passages from Euripides?

The native drama of Latium was not far removed above contempt. Though the Atellan fables, or *exodia*, continued to be represented to a very late period, they owed their popularity not to their merit, but to their disgusting obscenity, which suited the grossness of the Roman taste. Our information respecting what were called the *Mimes* is too scanty to allow of our passing any judgment upon them, even supposing that they were a native invention, which is very doubtful. Latium then had nothing to put in competition with the rich store of Grecian tragedy and comedy; in that department of literature, which was from its nature the most popular, the Roman inferiority was too glaring and decided, to admit even of a momentary struggle, and we find that even Nævius resigned the attempt to construct a native dramatic literature, and joined the common herd in imitating the Greeks. An advantage was thus gained by the supporters of the Hellenic forms, which could not be compensated by anything in the possession of their opponents. The stage was Hellenized, not only without resistance, but with the positive approbation of the popular bards; and when they had consented to resign such an important post without a struggle, they found that they had yielded to their adversaries a vantage ground which enabled them to carry their triumphs into the other departments of literature.

INEDITED LETTER FROM OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Goldsmith's Letters are so rare, that five and ten pounds have been given for them by Collectors. The following has great interest, and we are quite sure that our Northern friends, male and female, will only laugh at the young Student's report of them. The Duchess of Hamilton alluded to, was the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, afterwards Duchess of Argyll—mother of three dukes, the seventh and eighth Dukes of Hamilton, and the present Duke of Argyll. The *glover*, Lord Kirkcubright, was, we presume, William Macellan, of Borneo, who failed to make good his claim, although his son established the right in 1773.]

To Robert Bryanton, Esq. Ballymahon, Ireland.

Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,—How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence! I might tell how I wrote a long letter at my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen—but I suppose these, and twenty more equally plausible, and as easily invented, since they might all be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies; let me then speak truth: an hereditary indolence (I have it from my mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say now I am entered. Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills, all brown with heath, or their vallies, scarce able to feed a rabbit?—Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil—every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape—no grove or brook lend their

music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty: yet, with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive—the poor have pride ever ready to relieve them—if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration, and that they can plentifully bestow on themselves. From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys, namely, the gentlemen are much better bred than amongst us. No such character here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland of a thousand pounds a year, spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl that will let them with child; and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback. The men have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though now I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit, dismally, in a group by themselves; on the other end stand their pensive partners, that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady-directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches despondence; after five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady-directress; so they dance much, and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres: and the Scotch gentleman told me (and faith I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains. Now I am come to the ladies: and to show that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish;—to be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality; but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or —, a potato; for I say it, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But, to be less serious, where will you find a language so pretty, become a pretty mouth, as the broad Scotch? and the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of your young ladies to pronounce "Whoar will I gong?"—with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer. We have no such character here as a coquet; but alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago, I walked into my Lord Kilconbry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a Glover), when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot, her battered husband, or, more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form.—"For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much red in her complexion."—"Madam,

I am of your opinion, says the second; and I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order."—"And let me tell you," adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, "that the Duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth;"—at this every lady drew up her mouth, as if she was going to pronounce the letter P. But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarce any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here, and 'tis as certain there are handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person, to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down, and laugh at the world, and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it—but I begin to grow splenetic; and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you can't send news from B. Mahon, but such as it is, send it all; everything you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a sign yet; or John Finely left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave to your own choice what to write. While Oliver Goldsmith lives, know you have a friend!

P.S.—Give my sincerest regards (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family; and give my service to my mother, if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still.

Direct to me—Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE announcement of new books in the *Quarterly Review* may be taken as a scale by which to measure the literary undertakings for the next three months, for publishers of all grades there advertise their speculations, and we do not remember ever to have seen so few that promise entertainment and novelty. There are some prize volumes on divinity, by one of our universities, and a stir in the matter of reprints, of which there are several on hand: indeed, almost the only work of note is the *Review* itself: the articles are of a mixed nature, part literary, and part political. There is no little learning in the article on Hesiod—no little amusement in the review of Capt. Basil Hall's volumes—a good deal of sarcasm and nationality in that of Mrs. Trollope on America, and an uncalled-for waste of paper in a discussion concerning Mary Colling, whose verses we some time since touched on with a gentle and most merciful hand. Of the article on the rebellions of 1640 and 1832 we can give no account. Most of the great authors, such as Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, Campbell, Wilson, &c., are out of the field: true poetical romance, like true poetry, is dead and departed, and we must console ourselves as well as we can with tawdry pictures of our own times—with accounts of those

Who gave the ball or paid the visit last.

We shall have something to say concerning forthcoming works of art soon, for painters and sculptors are busy making ready to meet the important 10th of April, on which day their works must be sent in to Somerset House. Pickersgill, we hear, will not have his three fine French portraits ready for the ensuing exhibition; British heads have since

crowded to his easel, and taken up all his time. Chantrey will exhibit, we understand, a marble statue of Canning. The group of Bishop Middleton, by Lough, is ready, we hear, for erection in St. Paul's; it will probably stand in the north aisle; indeed, we are told, that the artist modelled it for a situation which he selected there, but unfortunately neglected to consult the church authorities—a bold step; but the Bishop of London is a mild man, and will not be very wroth with the sculptor, who erred through ignorance perhaps. The statue of Bishop Heber, by Chantrey—a single colossal figure kneeling, will occupy a place in the south aisle. Some of the monuments in St. Paul's have been placed, by the Committee of Taste, in situations utterly dark: it is the worse for Chantrey's General Gillespie, that it is entirely in shadow; and a great deal the worse for Rossi's Lord Heathfield, that it stands in light. Benjamin West used to say, that it would be well for art, if three-fourths of the monuments in St. Paul's were smashed to pieces; and John Flaxman complained, that it did not do for an artist in this country to have a mind of his own, as the Committee of Taste would not allow it to be exercised.

Those who delight in Turner's landscapes, (and who does not, that has any feeling for art?) should take an early opportunity of calling at Messrs. Moon, Boys & Graves's, in Pall Mall. There are a dozen views and vignettes by this artist, intended to illustrate the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works, taken last year, when the artist accompanied Sir Walter in a summer tour for this express purpose. Some of them, 'Caerlaverock,' 'Carlisle,' 'Bowe's Tower,' and 'Johnny Armstrong's Tower,' are unequalled for beauty, and finished with more care than usually distinguishes the facile pencil of the artist. The views will, we believe, remain at the publishers' only for a very few days, as they must be forthwith distributed among the engravers.

We hear that Liversseege's works are about to be engraved in mezzotint, by Cousins, Bromley, and Griller, and to be published in numbers.

The announcement of ten guineas from Paganini, at the anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians last week, was received with groans and hisses! After pocketing the enormous sum of 20,000*l.*, during his nine months in England, it was considered but a paltry acknowledgment of the generosity of the English, and of the liberal support of the Profession. Like Rossini, and many other foreign artists, it is said of him, that on his arrival in France, he rejoiced once again to anticipate hearing a little *good music*—does he forget the Philharmonic Concert?

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 15.—John William Lubbock, Esq. Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.

The two following papers were read, viz.—Further notice of the new Volcano in the Mediterranean, by John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., &c., and, A Method of deducing the Longitude from the Moon's right ascension, by Thomas Rerigan, Esq. R.N., communicated by Vice Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, F.R.S.—William Gravatt, Esq. was admitted a Fellow, and the following proposed: James David Forbes, Esq.,

Lieut. William Samuel Stratford, R.N., Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq. M.P., and Howard Elphinstone, Esq. M.A.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 12.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Cunningham's paper on the 'Progress of Discovery in Australia,' was resumed. It appears, that the droughts to which that country has been subject, have tended considerably towards the extension of geographical discovery. In 1826, one of these severe evils was experienced, which lasted for three years; and with the view of inquiring into the state of the interior, an expedition was despatched under the direction of Capt. Sturt, to the Macquarie river, which had been previously visited by Lieut. Oxley. The party ascended Mount Harris, and found all the surrounding country, which had been seen by Mr. Oxley, in 1818, in an inundated condition, entirely parched, and suffering from drought. The Macquarie was traced till it became imperceptible. According to Capt. Sturt, the flat lands commence about twenty-eight miles from Mount Harris, and there the Macquarie ceases to be a river, having no banks or channel. The surface of this flat is a succession of levels in which natural reservoirs are formed. Now and then a slight declivity gives them fresh impulse, by which a channel is formed into another reservoir; from which another is formed, as before; and thus a succession of these ponds and marshes extends to an immense distance over the country.

From Mount Harris, Capt. Sturt directed his course to the N.W. for further discoveries, in which direction Oxley's Table Land is situated. In this journey, the want of water became a considerable annoyance; and, from being obliged to follow a watercourse, this led to the discovery of the Darling, a salt-water stream. The want of drinkable water obliged the party to give up a further examination of its course. This part of the country is well peopled, and the intercourse of the explorers and the natives was on a friendly footing. The account which Captain Sturt gives of the country, is of the most melancholy description, for, in consequence of the severe drought, it was scarcely habitable. The natives were wandering about, and, from the badness of the water which they were obliged to drink, were suffering from cutaneous diseases, which were gradually lessening their numbers. Even the birds were distressed by the drought. The wild dog, or Dingo, was seen prowling about, unable from debility to avoid the party; and while the minor vegetation was altogether burnt up, the trees were drooping from the want of moisture below the surface. Several of the party were affected by ophthalmia, produced by the heat from the plains, where the thermometer stood in the shade, at 3 p.m. at 122°, and from 98 to 102° at sunset.

Mr. Cunningham considers, that the Darling may be taken as the largest river in Australia, since it is formed by a junction of all the streams which were discovered by Mr. Oxley in 1818, as well as those which were seen by Mr. Cunningham in 1827. This gentleman then proceeds to give an account of the discovery of the Morumbidgee river, and concludes his account of the progress of discovery in Australia, with a few remarks on the proper points for future investigation.

A letter from Mr. Coulthurst, at the Gambia, who recently left England, was read. The following is an extract from it:—"I did not succeed in reaching this place till the evening of Saturday last, on which day the *Pluto* left for Fernando Po, after a stay of only a few hours. There being no opportunity of any kind for a month, by which time the rains will be commencing to the southward, and a messenger

being now here from the Alinama, of Bondon, with a view of transferring the gum trade head from the Senegal; I have been induced to make at once for the Joliba, and to pursue its stream down to Funda, from whence I hope to reach the Bahr el Abiad. I hope to communicate with you from Funda."

The letter was written on the 27th of January.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 14.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

John Fisher, Esq., William Ogleby, Esq., Peter Stafford Carey, Esq., Francis Boot, M.D., James Scott Bowerbank, Esq., and Lieut.-Col. Sykes, were elected Fellows.

A paper was read, on the Structure of the Cotteswold Hills, near Cheltenham, compared with that of the Cleveland Hills; and on the occurrence of vertical stems of *Equisetum Columnare* in the sandstone of the latter, by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., P.G.S.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 14.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Wm. Billington, an Associate, was introduced.—Mr. Joseph Cubitt was elected an Associate.

Some further remarks were added to the statements, made at a former meeting, of experiments on the strength of cast-iron; and also the result of some trials on the deflexion of a wrought-iron rail under different loads. The subject of a heated blast, as applicable in the manufacture of iron, was taken into consideration; and also in connexion, with it, the difference of quality between the Welsh and Newcastle coals, and the variety of structure by which each may be distinguished,—which became the subject of an animated discussion. Some valuable facts were mentioned regarding the Swansea coal-pits; the weight of a bushel of this coal was stated at from ninety to ninety-three pounds—that of a bushel of Newcastle being eighty-four pounds. A minute description was given of the Radstock pits near Bath,—the value of which is much enhanced by no pumping being required, and also by no pillars or props being necessary to support the roof. The method of working the narrow veins of coal in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury was also described.

Feb. 21.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Samuel Hemming, of Notting Hill, was elected an Associate.

Amongst other subjects, the expansion of cast-iron, under different circumstances, was brought under consideration,—more particularly with reference to the iron columns supporting the weight of heavy buildings. Some details were entered into regarding the cast-iron pillars by which the large warehouses at St. Katharine's Docks are, in part, sustained; which went to show the great utility of this kind of support.

Instances of expansion, in pipes of various lengths, caused by an elevation of temperature, were adduced. A set of pipes at Manchester, 200 yards long, was observed to expand to the extent of seven inches. A pipe 180 feet long expanded one inch and three-quarters from change of temperature.

A discussion was resumed on the subject of the use of a heated blast in the manufacture of iron, in which it was stated, that a fair trial was being made at the Butterly Works, and at present with much prospect of success. The principal point in view is a saving of fuel, as they are enabled to work without coking; the next object is an improvement in the quality of iron:—it ought, however, to be observed, that after repeated trials at Low Moor Ironworks, the use of it has been totally abandoned.

Feb. 28.—The President in the chair.—Mr. David Ramsay and Mr. Joseph Green were elected as Associates; Mr. H. Habberley Price as a corresponding member; and Mr. William Swinbourne a member.

The limits of duration of the various kinds of timber, immersed in water, and in the various kinds of earth, was taken into consideration, and a variety of specimens of timber and stone, from different parts of the old London Bridge, laid on the table. Parts of the beech and elm piles (which had been driven to form starlings for protecting the piers) taken from about four feet above the low-water mark, were produced, in a state of complete decay; this gave occasion to some remarks on the comparative soundness of the oak piles taken from under the original foundations, which were driven about 700 years ago, and the former probably not more than 150. It was thought that the fact of the beech and elm piles being wet and dry alternately, every tide, accounted sufficiently for their unsoundness, the rapid decay of timber situated between "wind and water" being well known. Some notice was taken of the great durability of oak timber imbedded in bogs, and known by the name of black oak, which is found in considerable quantity in some morasses in the Highlands of Scotland, and frequently used for the formation of domestic utensils. It was mentioned incidentally, that the seat of the chairman of the West India Dock Company was formed out of a piece of timber of this description, found in the excavations.

Mar. 6.—The President in the chair.—Mr. William Clegam, of Gloucester, was elected as a corresponding member.

The subject of the consumption of fuel to produce a given mechanical effect, during various degrees of humidity in the atmosphere, was submitted to discussion, and a variety of facts stated in elucidation; but the prevalent opinion appeared to be, that the performance of steam-engines (to which the question particularly refers) is very slightly affected by changes of weather as to humidity; and that any difference which may be detected, is to be ascribed rather to the effect on the machinery connected with it than on the engine itself.

Some experiments were detailed, showing the amount of deposition from the waters of the river Nene, near Wisbeach. The average surface velocity during four sets of spring tides, was 198 feet per minute, depth of water 9 feet 6 inches, quantity of silt deposited by a gallon of water, 82 grains. The average surface velocity during four sets of neap tides, was 106 feet per minute, depth of water 7 feet, deposit from a gallon of water 41 grains.—The river Nene, which rises in Northamptonshire, flows past Peterborough and Wisbeach, and from thence to the sea (over a bed of alluvial matter in the state of loose silt), partly through a new cut called the Nene Outfall.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	{	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	{	Society of Arts	$\frac{1}{2}$ p. 7, P.M.
THURSD.	{	Royal Society	$\frac{1}{2}$ p. 8, P.M.
	{	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,		Royal Institution	$\frac{1}{2}$ p. 8, P.M.
SATURD.		Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's first complete and uniform Edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part II.

THESE illustrations are seven in number, viz., Corfu, Byron's residence in Greece, Lisbon, the Acropolis, and Constantinople, by Stanfield; head of Ali Pacha, by Stone, and his Palace, by Purser—all engraved by the Findens. The view of Corfu is a work of great beauty; the sea and air are touched in the true spirit of nature: the Acropolis is also very picturesque; but much of the cloud which overhangs the place is too rocky, unless it is natural for the sky in that land to rain crags of seven tons weight. Lisbon is likewise a noble scene, with its towers and spacious bay; but the cloud which threatened the Acropolis with a storm of rock has found its way to this landscape also. The residence of Byron at Athens exhibits nothing striking, save a portion of one of the old temples of the days of Pericles, which remains to tell how far the place has fallen. The worst of any of these illustrations is clever, and the best is excellent: we only wonder how they can be produced for the price. We dislike the title of this publication: the illustrations should have been named after the artists who made them; they are not, in any sense of the word, Finden's Illustrations of Byron—they are by Stanfield and others. This is putting the cart before the horse.

Juliet. Painted by Miss L. Sharpe, engraved by John Bromley. London, Moon & Co.

THIS is a very graceful impersonation of the imitable Juliet of Shakspeare—both painter and engraver have performed their parts with care and skill. We are not easy to please in these poetic conceptions; all attempts of the kind, with the single exception of 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' have been failures; nevertheless, the 'Juliet' of Miss Sharpe, is a sweet creature, and the position is perfectly natural and elegant.

The Blind Woman conducted over the Brook, is painted by Madame Lescot, and engraved by Samuel Angell. The name of the print is '*Filial Solicitude*,' but we have bestowed upon it a title of our own, which expresses the action better, as the young woman who acts as guide, may be any one's daughter. The light and shade, and characters of age and youth, are well imagined, and, on the whole, it is a very natural, nay, touching scene.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

'Pietro l'Eremita,'—or the interest excited by the appearance of Madame Puzzi,—drew a little money to the treasury on Saturday last. We did not find the lady much improved; in fact, there are physical reasons why she will never be a *fine* singer—the enunciation of the natural notes of her voice (a mezzo-soprano) seems as if retarded by some organic defect, and her falsetto is too unequal and too uncertain ever to be available in vividly depicting the passions. Her cadenzas were all alike, and her singing in the finale was too much in "tempo rubato." But it is not worth while offering further criticism, seeing that the lady has withdrawn. She complains of ill-treatment: but it appears, from her own statement, that she applied for an engagement which was declined—that, on the failure of the Countess and others, her friends made a second application, when Mr. Mason "consented" to her making a trial—the lady is of opinion she was eminently successful; Mr. Mason thought differently, and declined a per-

manent engagement, as he had an undoubted right to do,—and assuredly the patrons of the Opera will agree him. Madame Puzzi has no pretensions to be a *prima donna* anywhere, much less at the King's Theatre.

The substitution of Madame de Meric, on Tuesday, was abundantly satisfactory. Her singing was a delightful contrast to the display of the previous night—Giubelel too, as *L'Eremita*, gave the invocation with solemnity and feeling. The accompaniment to this recitative was the first successful effort of Rossini's in writing for brass instruments—to be judged of, it ought to be better played than on this occasion, for the trombones were not in tune throughout the whole scene. We regret, too, to add, that Winter was not so efficient as we could have wished—that Mariani omitted an aria in the first act—that Signora Albertina was not to be trusted with the cavatina in the second, which Ronzi and Caradori used to give with such true tenderness and feeling—that the concerted pieces were wretchedly ill sung—and, in conclusion, that so imperfect a performance reflects disgrace on *Il Maestro*, whoever he may be. The Paghiera at the close of the second act, fortunately always leaves a favourable impression, and smoothes all angry feeling.

There has been some skirmishing lately in the papers respecting the prices charged for refreshments at this theatre. The question in itself is of very little importance; but some facts have crept into the discussion, that seem to us deserving a passing word of comment. It has been usual with the managers of all theatres to make a profit of the refreshments, and of the remuneration given for taking care of cloaks and shawls; not directly, but indirectly, by receiving rent from the officiating parties. To this, we saw no objection—but when the new management came into power, the system was denounced, and the public were informed that it should be forthwith changed. Now, Mr. Jarrin states distinctly, that he *does* pay for the privilege of furnishing refreshments;—and respecting the profit derived from taking charge of cloaks and great coats, we have been assured that *fifty pounds* were given for the privilege, although the following paragraph appears in the green and gold pamphlet:—

"The care of the cloaks and shawls, and the ordering of those employed to receive them, has been entrusted to a confidential person known to the director. *She does not*, as has been heretofore the usage, *pay any rent for her situation*; therefore, any consideration occasionally conferred will be received as a favour, but not demanded as a right."

We repeat, that, in our judgment, there is nothing wrong in a manager making all the profit possible from all legitimate sources; but Mr. Mason appeared to differ from us; and we only request to have some decent consistency observed between professions and performance.

SECOND ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director, the Archbishop of York.

THIS Concert will be considered an epoch in the annals of the Antiient Concerts, from the introduction of Choral and other works of the immortal Haydn. A Sinfonia, the German Hymn, and Recitative and Chorus from the 'Creation,' were agreeably contrasted with the stiff, sterling, and more massive productions of the Ancients. Indeed, the new light breaks in most pleasantly. The Recitative to 'The Heavens are telling,' Braham delivered admirably, and it was *à propos* to the change:—

In splendour bright is rising now
The sun, and darts his rays:
An amorous, joyful, happy spouse—
A giant proud and glad
To run his measured course.

'Deeper and deeper still' was sung also by Braham, and he proved how high he yet stands above all competition. Miss Shirreff made her first appearance here in Cimarosa's fine scena, 'Deh! parlate.' There was too much affectation in her emphatic manner of imitating the Italians, by dwelling on and forcing the penultima. In the song 'Farewell, ye limpid streams,' we liked her better. Nature has done much for this young vocalist, and we advise her not to strain after effect: a sweet and extensive voice, a good intonation, and fine feeling, are indispensable, to become a great singer: possessing all these requisites, there needs little artifice for Miss Shirreff to attain the object of her ambition. The rest of the selection consisted of standard compositions of merit. The spirit and management of the new conductor, art likely, we think, to effect great improvements in these Concerts; there is no lagging, nor obtrusive indulgences allowed in the change of time of the different pieces; and his experience and admitted talent give him that power and control over the whole orchestra, which invariably produce good results: yet we must hint to Mr. Knvyett, that he should attend a little more to "chiaroscuro."

SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

ON Monday last we were gratified to our heart's content—who is there, that affects an admiration of the grand and picturesque in music, who could feel otherwise, on hearing Beethoven's Sinfonia in c minor played with precision and perfect ensemble? A half-guinea is well spent for such an hour's delight as we enjoyed during its performance on Monday, and, as a morning contemporary says, we would willingly bestow our praise in the right quarter, if we could ascertain whether Signor Spagnoletti, the leader, or Sir G. Smart, the conductor, had the best claim to it. A new song, by the Chevalier Neukomm, was sung by Phillips, to words from Milton, 'Oft from the steep:' it is well scored, yet wants contrast in its melodies; it reminded us occasionally of Haydn, the author's instructor. Mayseder's last composition, a sextuor, was played by Messrs. Tolbecque, Watts, Moralt, Lyon, Rousselot, and Dragonetti. It is very intricate, and, although it may prove effective and brilliant in a small room, it lacks too much of *le véritable matériel* to make its way in a large one: Mons. Tolbecque wants tone and a good violin; perhaps the supplying of the latter would furnish the former. Mrs. Bishop, in a scena from Spohr's 'Pietro von Albano,' adapted to the Italian, sang painfully too sharp—however, the spirited execution and effect of the Overture to Oberon at once relieved our suffering. In the Sinfonia, letter Q, by Haydn, we recognized an old favourite, which, notwithstanding being injudiciously placed after Beethoven, found also its admirers amongst the audience. We would recommend a little more *sostenuto* in the oboes; frittering and chipping notes is not always the character of this instrument; its tones should blend and amalgamate smoothly with the rest. Madame Stockhausen enchanted the whole audience by her exquisite singing of Mozart's lovely aria, 'Non mi dir.' To this succeeded a Fantasia Concertante (MS.) by Chevalier Neukomm, played by Messrs. Nicholson, G. Cooke, Willman, Mackintosh, Platt, Harper, and Dragonetti. It was so effective as to produce an unanimous encore: the oboe and trumpet had the most conspicuous solos, and were each applauded. There are but two movements in this Fantasia,—both short, showy, and expressly written to exhibit the talent of each performer. Without any extraordinary merit as a composition, it is the most successful wind-instrument piece we have heard at the Philharmonic Concerts, and, doubtlessly will become a stock-piece for the season. A trio, from Beethoven's 'Fi-

delio,' quite à la Mozart, and Winter's Overture to 'Tamerlane,' terminated the best Concert of classical music of the present season.

THEATRICALS

COVENT GARDEN.

Miss Fanny Kemble's tragedy, called 'Francis the First,' was at length produced on Thursday evening. There has been so much written, said, and printed upon this subject for many weeks past, that we expected the excitement on the minds of the theatrical public would have been greater than it was—still the house was well and fashionably attended. As last week, press of matter drives our theatricals into a corner, and we cannot devote anything like the space to an account of this play, which the play itself, the circumstances under which it is brought out, and the estimation in which its clever young authoress is held, might seem to demand. We regret this the less, as we have been given to understand, that 'Francis the First' will be reviewed as a poem in another part of this day's *Athenæum*. We shall therefore confine ourselves to its claims as an acting drama. These have been operated upon, evidently to its injury, by material alterations from the piece as originally written and lately printed, which bear the marks of needless haste. We do not say that alterations were not wanted, indeed, the perusal of a published copy on Thursday morning, convinced us that they were—but the entire omission of the fifth act, without such changes being made in the other four, as were thereby rendered necessary, could not but be detrimental. The four acts, thus put into five, were not concluded until nearly half-past ten; and this, of itself, shows that curtailment was indispensable—but a work of art is not to be shortened, like a log of wood, by sawing off one end; and the consequence of such rough usage in the present instance is, that several stitches have been dropped, and that the sampler is thus rendered an unfair specimen of Miss Kemble's work. Under these circumstances we shall, upon consideration, be even more brief than we at first intended—and say, that, although judicious pruning is still required to rescue the play from tediousness in the representation, it has yet some good situations and some powerful scenes. We would particularly instance that between *De Bourbon* and the Queen Mother, in which the latter avows her passion for him, and is repulsed. Mr. Kemble's acting in this was admirable. The scene outside the Lists, which closes the first act, was excellently managed. We are not inclined to seek for objections, or to say anything which might contribute to discourage further exertions, where the first production has evinced so much cleverness. Indeed, we have little objection to make, except of a general want of interest, produced, as we view it, mainly by the unalloyed wickedness of nearly all the principal characters. We have little or no anxiety as to what becomes of anybody, except *Françoise de Foix*, but we must in justice say, that Miss Ellen Tree's acting was such as to make the utmost of that anxiety. The play was well acted throughout; and applause, without dissent, was the order of the night. Miss Kemble was called for after the play, and led on by her father to receive the renewed congratulations of the audience. We think this a foolish custom, and are sorry to see it gaining ground. If those who follow it, are sincere, we should suggest to them that a better and a prettier compliment to Miss Kemble's talents, would be, to go again and see her another night, than to insist upon seeing her twice on the same.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new burletta, in two acts, entitled 'The Young Hopefuls,' was on Thursday night added to the stock entertainments of this theatre. There were three reasons for our anticipating the success which attended it—the first was its being produced, where success has become almost proverbial; the second, its being written by the author of 'Paul Pry'; and the third, Madame Vestris's having to play a page, brought to book by Mr. Liston. Personally speaking, we subscribe to the doctrine, that there is "nothing new under the sun," and care so little about what or where a piece is taken from, provided it be pleasant when it comes, that we should no more think of crying out against a smart and clever translation, and insisting, for the honour of England, on a real dull original, than we should, when dining at our coffee-house or club, of sending away good champagne, and calling for a bottle of our national gooseberry. For the curious in these matters, however, we may state, that a three act vaudeville, called 'Le Hussard de Felsheim,' and founded on the popular romance of 'Le Baron de Felsheim,' has furnished Mr. Poole with his incidents; but the Governor of the Pages, a mere part of the French piece, has been promoted to a character in the English one. A version of the story was dramatized some years ago by Mr. Arnold, and became popular under the title of 'Frederick the Great, or, the Heart of a Soldier.' Mr. Morton has also made use of some of the incidents in his 'Henri Quatre.' Mr. Poole has treated the story his own way, and the public know his works too well, not to be fully aware that his way seldom fails to prove a good one. If we had space to detail his plot, we should be able to show that the present is not an exception to his rule. Mr. Liston and Madame Vestris were both excellent; nobody can look more exquisitely destitute of ideas than the former, or more full of mischievous ones than the latter. Miss Pincott's acting was as smart as her uniform; and *Old Fritz* was capitally impersonated by Mr. James Vining. The remembrance of Fawcett in *Brandt*, and of Emery in the corresponding part, (*Mustache*, if we mistake not,) in Mr. Morton's opera, was rather injurious to Mr. W. Vining's *Bluffenblut*; it was, nevertheless, a very zealous and creditable performance. Miss Crawford looked pretty as *Agatha*, and Mr. T. Raymond made her a respectable Papa. The curtain fell amidst, or rather in front of, general and unmingled applause.

MISCELLANEA

Muxio Clementi.—This distinguished pianoforte performer and musical composer died on Saturday last, at his Cottage, in the Vale of Eversham, Worcestershire. It is, we believe, in contemplation to have him buried in Westminster Abbey, with musical honours.—We shall give a sketch of the life of this founder of the present school of Pianoforte Playing, next week.

Colonel Batty's Drawings.—The drawings made by Lieut.-Col. Batty, for his work on the Scenery of Germany, are to be sold by auction on Monday, at Phillips's Rooms. The fidelity of Col. Batty's pencil is well known, and these drawings include some of the most splendid Gothic and other architectural subjects of Vienna, Ratisbon, Saltzburg, Ulm, Augsburg, &c.

New African Expedition.—On Saturday last, Mr. Richard Lander was honoured by an audience with His Majesty, at Windsor, on which occasion he presented the history of his late journey into the interior of Africa, about to be published by Mr. Murray. His Majesty expressed considerable interest in his

travels, and entered into various details with him, respecting the natives and the country through which he had passed. Mr. Lander, we understand, is preparing for his departure on a second expedition to the Niger, in which he will be accompanied by another of his brothers. He will be employed by government to make his way up the river to Timbuctoo, in order to explore the only part of the Niger of which we know nothing—namely, between that place and Gavori. A company of merchants at Liverpool have also requested his services to convey a steam-boat up the river as far as Rabba, which will be freighted with trading goods, under the charge of a supercargo. On their arrival at Rabba, the steam-boat will be left there in the charge of this gentleman, who will employ himself in trading with the natives, during which time Lander will proceed to Timbuctoo, and, having reached that place and made observations for its geographical position, will rejoin the steam-boat and return down the river to England. It is expected, that he will leave England in the commencement of June, and will arrive in the river when it is swelled by the rains. He expects to return by the autumn. In his way up the Niger, he will proceed a short distance up the Shary, to ascertain the exact position of the city of Funda.—In our Geographical report will be found a letter from Mr. Coulthurst, the first written since his departure from England. We regret much to find Mr. Coulthurst has determined on proceeding up the Gambia, to take Park's route to the Niger.

Champollion the Younger.—This eminent Egyptian scholar, whose obsequies were celebrated at Paris, by the attendance of the most eminent men of science in that capital, on the 7th instant, was born at Figeac, a small town in the "département du Lot," in December 1790. A singular occurrence, which preceded his birth, would seem to have portended the celebrity which he was destined to confer on the obscurity of his patronymic. Madame Champollion had already presented her husband with a son and two daughters, when she was attacked by a severe illness; her medical attendants having given her over, recourse was had by her husband, as is frequently the case in the walks of provincial life, to an itinerant quack; the latter did not hesitate to promise a certain cure, and in a short space of time, Madame, as if by miracle, found herself "charming well again." On taking leave of his patient, the quack bade her be of good cheer and take courage; "for," said he, "before the year is out, you will be the mother of a boy, who will do honour to the family."—As he had predicted, Jean François Champollion le Jeune, was born within the twelvemonth after. Madame never forgot what the quack prophesied; but took every occasion to remind her boy of it during his childhood; and it is notorious, that he had himself a fond belief in the brilliant future which awaited him. The effect of such an impression on a mind naturally of a high order, can scarcely fail to have acted as a potent stimulant to exertion. Champollion never mentioned this occurrence but in the hearing of some very few friends; and in proportion as the prediction drew towards its accomplishment, he became more chary of adverting to it.†

Audubon, the Ornithologist.—We mentioned lately, that a friend in England had received a letter from Audubon, but the following is an extract from one, dated the 2nd of January:—

"I have discovered a most extraordinary fact in the habits of the rattle-snake which abounds in this country—it is no less than that these rep-

† We should mention, that this incident is related on the authority of M. Le Normant, the French writer, who had it from the lips of the lamented scholar himself.

tiles swim across the salt rivers, which divide in a continued line the main from the sea islands—swimming, in some instances, fully one mile. I have, indeed, heard the dubious assertion, that they coiled themselves on the water, on being approached by a man, as they do on the land, without sinking. This I prefer to see, before I can believe. When we leave this, I proceed to Indian River, the whole of which, with its tributaries, I must explore. I intend to be employed thus about two months. I design, if possible, to go in the U. S. schooner, now at St. Augustine, up to the head waters of the St. John River, and afterwards to Cape Florida and Key West. If I should be disappointed in this, I shall probably be forced to return to Charleston, and charter a small vessel for that purpose.”—*New York Paper.*

Population of Holland.—From the official returns lately made up, it would seem, in every chief town throughout the kingdom, that the number of deaths has exceeded the births. In spite of this fact, there is made to appear an actual increase of 24,010 souls in the gross population; for, at the close of 1830, the number of inhabitants was 2,420,540; whilst at the close of 1831, it was 2,444,550.

The Living Library defunct.—The lately deceased Belgian nobleman, Baron Beyts, lived to the age of nearly seventy. He had explored Italy and Germany in every direction, and was so richly endowed a scholar, that Napoleon used to call him, “The living Library.” His favourite study was the mathematics and ancient languages; and in this he was aided by so retentive a memory, that, down to his latest years, he could repeat whole dramas of Sophocles and Euripides, word for word. He was master of four ancient, and six modern languages; and his powers of memory were so perfect, that he could recall off-hand the dates of every treaty of peace, and the places where they were concluded, from the year 1550 to the present time. With all this, he was universally esteemed for the modesty of his deportment, and is sincerely lamented as a zealous patron of youthful proficiency in scholarship. He has left a number of MSS. behind him, but it is to be regretted, that they are all in an unfinished state. Baron Beyts was the individual, who rushed to the tribune, when Buonaparte broke into the Council of Five Hundred with his military satellites, and called upon the assembly to proclaim him an outlaw.

Mr. Bone's Enamels.—We are informed that the modesty of the artist has induced him to name a much lower price than we had imagined, for this splendid collection, and that 7900*l.* is all that is now asked.

Tarbert Pier.—We hear from Tarbert, on the river Shannon, that the erection of a pier-head has been determined on, and will be commenced early in the ensuing spring, at that island, for the accommodation and safety of vessels; and that a bridge is also to be built across from Tarbert demesne to the island, so that carriages will at all times be able to pass and repass to the pier. Engineers have been employed by Government to make a plan of the work, and a survey has been made by them of the ground where it is to be carried into execution. The estimate amounts to 6000*l.* The work will be one of immense utility to the public, Tarbert being the port of admission into Kerry from the interior of the kingdom, by the inland navigation from Dublin. It is, moreover, a well-known and much frequented place of resort for ships in distress, after a long transatlantic voyage.—*Nautical Magazine.*

The Bell Rock Light House.—On the 9th ult., about 10 P.M., a large herring-gull struck one of the south-eastern mullions of the Bell Rock Light House with such force, that two of the

polished plates of glass, measuring about two feet square, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, were shivered to pieces and scattered over the floor in a thousand atoms, to the great alarm of the keeper on watch, and the other two inmates of the house, who rushed instantly to the light-room. It fortunately happened, that although one of the red-shaded sides of the reflector-frame was passing in its revolution at the moment, the pieces of broken glass were so minute, that no injury was done to the red glass. The gull was found to measure five feet between the tips of the wings. In his gullet was found a large herring, and in its throat a piece of plate-glass, of about one inch in length.—*Ibid.*

Volcanic Island.—This island has already sunk some feet beneath the surface of the sea, and is become a dangerous shoal.—“Lieut. A. Kennedy, commanding His Majesty's steam-vessel *Messenger*, gives the following particulars of the shoal:—“The French brig of war *L'Orient* passed near the new Volcanic Island, on the 28th of January, but would not have been aware of the danger, had it not been calm, and by observing a ripple over it; in consequence of which Captain Marin was obliged to lower his boats, to tow his vessel clear. He afterwards went to it in his boat, and found that the island had totally disappeared, leaving a shoal with from 2½ to 3 feet water over it.—On the 4th and 5th of February, Lieut. Kennedy passed it in the *Messenger* steam-vessel, and found a sensible change in the smoothness of the water, when under its lee for a short time. A heavy cross sea was running, and the wind was strong.”—*Ibid.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 8	40	25	29.30	N.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 9	41	24	29.90	N.E.	Clear.
Sat. 10	44	27	30.19	N.E.	Foggy.
Sun. 11	39	27	30.20	Var.	Ditto.
Mon. 12	47	33	30.05	S.	Cloudy.
Tues. 13	50	33	29.70	S.E. to S.W.	Ditto.
Wed. 14	51	37	29.35	S.W. to S.	Rain.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cymoid, Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus, Nimbus.
Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.
Mean temperature of the week, 34°.
Day increase on Wednesday, 4 hours.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The Rev. Charles Eyre has nearly ready for publication, An Illustration of St. Paul's Epistles, with an entirely new translation.

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